

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

ATTORNEYS.

ROBERT H. FOLGER, Attorney at Law, 5. Commissioner, Commissioner of Deeds for New York and Pennsylvania, and Notary Public Office second floor over Rudolph's jewelry store, South Erie street, Massillon, O. Will give strict attention to all business entrusted to his care in Stark and the adjoining counties.

BANKS.

GERMAN DEPOSIT BANK, Hotel Conrad Block. Dealer in promissory notes, manufacturers' scrip and exchange. Collections made in all cities and towns in the United States. P. G. ALBRIGHT, Cashier.

UNION NATIONAL BANK, Massillon Ohio. Jos. Coleman, President, J. H. Hunt, Cashier.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK, Erie street Massillon, Ohio. \$100,000 Capital. St. Hunt, President; O'Steen Cashier.

DRUGGISTS.

Z. BALTZLY, dealer in Drugs, Medicines and Chemicals, Perfumery and Fancy articles, Stationery and Blank Books, Opera House Massillon, Ohio.

PHYSICIANS.

D. R. W. H. KILLIAN, Homeopathic Practice, Office No. 35 East Main street, Massillon, Ohio. Office open day and night.

HARDWARE.

S. A. CONRAD & CO., Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Hardware, etc., Main street.

MANUFACTURERS.

RUSSELL & CO., manufacturers of Threshing Machines, Portable, Semi-Portable and Tractor Engines, Horse powers, Saw Mills, &c.

MASSILLON ROLLING MILL, Jos. Corns & Son, Proprietors, manufacturers of a superior quality of Merchant Bar and Blacksmith Iron.

MASSILLON GLASS FACTORY, manufactures Green Glass Hollow Ware, Beer Bottles, Flasks, &c.

MASSILLON IRON BRIDGE CO., Manufacturers of Bridges, Roofs and General Iron Structures.

GROCERIES.

D. ATWATER & SON, Established in 1822. Carefully selected Commission Merchants and dealer in all kinds of Country Produce. Ware house in Atwater's Block, Exchange street.

JEWELERS.

C. F. VON KANEL, East Side Jewelry Store, East Main street.

JOSEPH COLEMAN, dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewels, Silverware, Musical Instruments, etc., No. 5 South Erie street.

Traveler's Register

Trains leave and depart on Standard time as follows:

CLEVELAND, LORAIN & WHEELING NORTH.

No. 34 (starts here).....	4:20 a. m.
No. 36.....	9:27 a. m.
No. 38, daily.....	2:50 p. m.
No. 40 (stops here).....	5:30 p. m.
No. 42, local.....	9:27 p. m.

SOUTH.

No. 41 (starts here).....	6:30 a. m.
No. 39, daily.....	10:21 a. m.
No. 37.....	2:50 p. m.
No. 35 (stops here).....	5:30 p. m.
No. 33, local.....	12:30 p. m.
Train No. 35 only runs as far as Uhrichsville. Nos. 41 and 37 run through to Wheeling.	

P. F. T. W. & C. R. R.

EASTWARD.		WESTWARD.	
No. 8.....	3:00 a. m.	No. 1.....	3:45 a. m.
No. 12.....	7:30 a. m.	No. 3.....	8:45 a. m.
No. 14.....	1:45 p. m.	No. 5.....	11:02 a. m.
No. 16.....	8:20 p. m.	No. 7.....	5:10 p. m.
No. 18.....	10:30 p. m.	No. 9.....	11:40 p. m.

WHEELING & LAKE ERIE, GOING TOWARD TOLEDO.

No. 9 (starts here).....	4:35 a. m.
No. 10.....	9:30 a. m.
No. 11 (stops here).....	1:30 p. m.
No. 12 (stops here).....	7:30 p. m.

GOING TOWARD WHEELING.

No. 1 (starts here).....	4:15 a. m.
No. 2.....	9:30 a. m.
No. 3 (stops here).....	6:30 p. m.
No. 4 (stops here).....	10:30 p. m.

CLEVELAND, AKRON & COLUMBUS.

NORTH.		SOUTH.	
No. 20, Exp., 9:45 a. m.	No. 2, Exp., 10:25 a. m.	No. 25, Exp., 9:45 a. m.	No. 28, Exp., 9:45 p. m.
No. 22, Exp., 1:45 p. m.	No. 4, Exp., 1:45 p. m.	No. 27, Exp., 1:45 p. m.	No. 29, Exp., 1:45 p. m.
No. 24, Exp., 7:35 p. m.	No. 6, Exp., 7:35 p. m.	No. 26, Exp., 7:35 p. m.	No. 30, Exp., 7:35 p. m.

No. 10 from the West, Akron 8:30 a. m., arriving at Cleveland 10:10 a. m., leaving at 10:15 a. m. for Massillon. No. 11, leaving at 10:15 a. m., arriving at Akron 5:30 p. m., leaving at 5:35 p. m., making direct connection with P. F. T. W. & C. R. R. for Western Shore and all points west.

Trains 27, 28 and 29 daily, all other trains daily except Sunday.

Trains 21 and 22 through Pullman sleepers between Cleveland, Akron and Cincinnati.

No. 2 has an assured connection with P. F. T. W. & C. R. R. at Massillon. No. 7 returning connects with P. F. T. W. & C. R. R. for the east, thus enabling our patrons at Canton, Massillon, Alliance, Salem, etc., to make round trip to Columbus in one day.

A. S. MILLER, Chief Clerk, G. P. Dept.

CLEVELAND CANTON & SOUTHERN R. R.

GOING NORTH.

Leave Massillon via C. M. E. Ry. 6:25 a. m.	Arrive Canton at 7:25 a. m.	Arrive at Cleveland 9:30 a. m.
Leave Massillon via C. M. E. Ry. 8:25 a. m.	Arrive Canton at 9:25 a. m.	Arrive at Cleveland 11:30 a. m.
Leave Massillon via C. M. E. Ry. 12:00 p. m.	Arrive Canton at 1:00 p. m.	Arrive at Cleveland 3:00 p. m.
Leave Massillon via C. M. E. Ry. 4:20 p. m.	Arrive Canton at 5:20 p. m.	Arrive at Cleveland 7:30 p. m.

GOING SOUTH.

Leave Cleveland at 7:00 a. m.	Arrive at Massillon at 10:25 a. m.	Arrive at Canton at 11:25 a. m.
Leave Cleveland at 9:30 a. m.	Arrive at Massillon at 12:50 p. m.	Arrive at Canton at 1:50 p. m.
Leave Cleveland at 1:00 p. m.	Arrive at Massillon at 4:20 p. m.	Arrive at Canton at 5:20 p. m.
Leave Cleveland at 3:30 p. m.	Arrive at Massillon at 6:50 p. m.	Arrive at Canton at 7:50 p. m.

Single and round trip tickets for Cleveland leave Massillon on sale at Balmley Spedding Co., 20 East Main street.

CANTON-MASSILLON ELECTRIC RAILWAY

Care depart on city (sun) time.

Regular trains between Massillon and Canton leave from city north hourly, 8 o'clock a. m. to 11 o'clock p. m. Trains returning leave from the public square, Canton, on the even hours, from 8 o'clock a. m. until 11 p. m.

SPECIAL SERVICE.

For special service or more particular information inquire of

F. H. KILLINGER, General Agent, Massillon, O.

In Attachment.

Sarah F. Keller, Plaintiff,

vs.

Edward Bell, Defendant.

Before Gustavus G. Paul, Justice of the peace for Perry township, Stark Co., Ohio. On the 20th day of December, 1892, said justice issued an order of attachment in the above action for the sum of Thirteen dollars and 75cts.

SARAH F. KELLER, Feb. 24, 1893.

DEATH OF KIRBY SMITH

The End Sudden and Unexpected by His Many Friends.

HIS MIND ACTIVE TO THE LAST.

A Professor in the University of the South, Though Seventy Years of Age. One of the Confederacy's Great Generals.

NASHVILLE, March 29.—The death of General E. Kirby Smith at his home in Sewanee, Tenn., was sudden and unexpected. He had just returned from a southern tour, visiting New Orleans, where he had numerous relatives and friends, and Florida, in which state he spent his boyhood days. The news of his death was a shock to his friends here, only a few knowing that he had been ill. His sickness was only of a few days' duration. The malady was stomach trouble which had caused more or less pain for months. This veteran warrior and teacher is the last of that galaxy of soldiers who headed the armies whose vanquishment tells the mournfully brilliant history of the "lost cause."



GENERAL KIRBY SMITH AS A PROFESSOR.

He was the junior of the seven full generals of the Confederacy and the last to receive that promotion which closes a life of honor and glory. Arrangements have been made for a special train to carry a large delegation of Confederate soldiers to the mountain to pay their last respects to their dead commander. A wife and 11 children survive him. Although 70 years of age, he held the chair of mathematics in the University of the South, at Sewanee, and was actively engaged in the instruction of the students.

The Dead Man's Career.

General Edward Kirby Smith was born in St. Augustine, Fla., May 16, 1824. He graduated at the United States Military academy in 1845 and received the rank of brevet second lieutenant and at once entered the Mexican war. At the close of the war with Mexico, he went to West Point as professor of mathematics, receiving a captain's commission and went to the frontier in 1855. In 1861 he was promoted to major general and when Florida seceded from the Union, was appointed lieutenant colonel of cavalry in the Confederate army. His record during the civil war was a brilliant one. His exploits at Bull Run and in the campaigns in Kentucky, Tennessee, Arkansas, Texas and on the seacoast being some of the most famous deeds of daring and superb generalship in the history of that great struggle. In 1864 he was promoted to the rank of full general.

General Smith's most efficient service was in managing the blockade running department in southwestern states. He forwarded much cotton to Europe and received in return from France and England munitions of war and materials for clothing. He established furnaces and factories and when the war closed his department was more than self-supporting. After hostilities ceased General Smith entered commercial life and from 1869 to 1878 he was president of the Atlantic and Pacific Telegraph Company. From 1878 to 1879 he was chancellor of the University of Nashville and since that time has been professor of mathematics in the University of the South, at Sewanee.

Puzzling the Doctors.

DAYTON, Ky., March 28.—Eva Wessel, 5 years old, is puzzling all the doctors. Early in January her body broke out in small red rings. The next day her body swelled to three times its natural size and has remained so ever since. The child has not swallowed food of any kind since she was first taken ill, and her body has been maintained by covering her with poultice made of coarse meal boiled to a mush. The mental condition of the patient is normal and she finds amusement in various ways, though she can move only her hands and head.

Typhus in Cincinnati.

CINCINNATI, March 29.—The health office has reported finding a case of malignant typhus fever in a front street boardinghouse. The patient is James Riley, a roustabout, who worked on the steamer Eagle at New Orleans and other southern places. He was placed in the Marine hospital.

Rupp Gets Seven Years.

STREUVILLE, O., March 29.—John Rupp, formerly of Pittsburgh, who set fire to his saloon building in this city last January in order to get a large amount of insurance on fixtures, was sentenced to seven years in the penitentiary by Judge Mansfield.

Dr. Richardson Will Take Charge.

NEW LISBON, O., March 29.—Dr. Richardson assumes charge of the Columbiana County infirmary this week, on account of its miserable condition, after a conference in Columbus with Governor McKinley and Representative Britton.

A Farmer Falls.

NEWARK, O., March 29.—Robert Smith, a well-known farmer of Granville township, has filed in probate court a deed of assignment to Theodore G. Baker. Assets about \$5,000; liabilities, \$3,000.

THE RUSSIAN TREATY.

Strong Opposition Developed Among Certain Classes of People.

WASHINGTON, March 29.—The senate is receiving quite a number of protests against the Russian extradition treaty. There appears to be one point in which it does not suit anarchists and others. It provides that assassination attempts at assassination shall be extraditable and puts the emperor or any other member of the royal family on a par with a common citizen whom it is attempted to murder. It has been claimed that under this clause political offenders will be extradited. There is, however, in the treaty a provision giving the secretary of state discretionary power to refuse extradition whenever it is not proved that the person wanted was guilty of an attempt at murder, and it is also provided that he or she must be tried for the offense for which extradited. Senators think this will prevent extradition except where murder has been attempted, and they are not ready to countenance assassination as a means of changing a form of government.

The treaty has already been ratified by the senate, so that the matter has really passed out of its hands, and the only way in which the treaty can be stopped going into effect is by a successful appeal to the president not to exchange ratifications and promulgate it, a thing he naturally would be extremely disinclined to do, in view of the treaty having received more than a two-thirds vote in the senate.

Gresham Fired Him in a Hurry.

WASHINGTON, March 29.—A nomination sent to the senate was that of George D. Dillard of Mississippi to be consul general at Guaymas, to succeed William B. Sorsby, who was relieved by cable by Secretary Gresham almost as soon as he came into office. It was alleged that Sorsby, while clerk to Representative Catchings of Mississippi, took from his employer's desk important papers relating to the Democratic campaign and turned them over to Thomas H. Carter, then on the Republican congressional campaign committee.

The Columbus Papers.

WASHINGTON, March 29.—Mr. William E. Curtis, in charge of the Spanish-American exhibit at the World's fair, has reached Washington, having in his custody the Columbus papers loaned by the Spanish government for exhibition at Chicago. They will be transported hence in one of the Pennsylvania Railroad company's paymaster's cars, which contain a safe. A detail of soldiers will accompany the car to its destination.

A Batch of Immigrants Coming.

WASHINGTON, March 29.—The treasury department is advised that 450 immigrants from Hamburg have arrived at Halifax destined for points in the United States. Acting Secretary Spaulding has telegraphed collectors of customs on the Canadian border to keep a close watch on them. This is the first arrival of immigrants from Hamburg by way of Canada since the suspension of immigration last January.

Morton Cutting Down Expenses.

WASHINGTON, March 29.—In continuation of his policy of reducing the expenses of the agricultural department, Secretary Morton has written a letter to all the bureau and division chiefs of his department asking them to report what employees they can dispense with without impairing the efficiency of the public service.

Two Appointments Made.

WASHINGTON, March 29.—Ex-Representative Stump of Maryland has been selected for commissioner of immigration in the treasury department to succeed Commissioner Owen of Indiana. Secretary Carlisle has appointed Dr. Joseph H. Seener of New York superintendent of immigration at Ellis island to succeed Superintendent Weber.

Sharpening Up His Axe.

WASHINGTON, March 29.—The whole clerical force of the postoffice department has been ordered to stay from 4 to 5 o'clock and will be at work arranging papers so that Fourth Assistant Postmaster General Maxwell may work more expeditiously in fourth-class post-offices.

Harrison's Brother Visits Cleveland.

WASHINGTON, March 29.—John Harrison of Kansas City a brother of ex-President Harrison, but a staunch Democrat, and Mr. C. Tichenor of Kansas City, a Cleveland Republican, called on President Harrison. The former, it is said, would like to be surveyor of customs at Kansas City.

A Doubtful Honor to Him.

WASHINGTON, March 29.—Admiral Gherardi's flagship Philadelphia has a bandmaster who has tendered his resignation to Secretary Herbert, because he says the uniform makes him look like a member of the Salvation Army.

Minister Gilbert Resigns.

WASHINGTON, March 29.—The resignation of ex-Senator Gilbert of Pierce of Minnesota as United States minister to Portugal has been received by Secretary Gresham.

NATIONAL CAPITAL NOTES.

Land Commissioner Lamoreaux has commenced his duties.

Mr. Cleveland received the ladies of the diplomatic corps this afternoon.

Secretary Carlisle is giving his personal attention to preparing treasury business appointments.

There are no less than 672 applications on file for appointment to the vacancy of paymaster in the army.

Secretary Gresham acted as a pallbearer at the funeral of Aguilar de Andrada, the Brazilian special envoy.

In compliance with Secretary Gresham's request Dr. F. O. St. Clair, chief of the consular bureau of the state department, has tendered his resignation and it has been accepted.

Murdered His Wife and Child.

SCRANTON, Pa. March 29.—Barney McFadden, a miner living near Leggett's creek, a breaker in this city, murdered his wife and child and fled.

Weather Forecast.

Fair and warmer; easterly winds.

BISMARCK IS VERY ILL.

Disobeying His Physicians' Orders May Cause Death.

THE EMPEROR GETS WORD DAILY.

Usterites Call on Gladstone and Declare Home Rule Means Ruin for Ireland. Gladstone Disputes Their Opinion at Every Point.

BERLIN, March 28.—Prince Bismarck is in a critical condition. He has been suffering for several weeks with neuralgia and insomnia, and his doctors have not been able this time to conquer the two enemies which attack him every winter.

His strength and vigor are giving way rapidly, his pulse is very weak and his appetite exceedingly bad. In spite of all this it is very difficult to keep the patient in bed and tranquil. As soon as he awakes he wants to get up and will not give rest until the Princess Bismarck, who is herself sick, comes to his bedside to read to him his correspondence and newspapers from Berlin and Hamburg. He has had a fit and his two sons, in Fiume and Hamburg have been wired for. His doctors wanted him removed to a better climate, but he will not listen to them and insists on receiving his friends on the 1st of April, his birthday. Emperor William receives daily bulletins.

Dr. Dorn says that the physicians of Bismarck have much to contend with in the inflexible will of the patient. "Even at the present time," says Dr. Dorn, "the prince refuses to be limited in his consumption of wine and brandy and his condition has been growing more and more serious. Prince Bismarck will be 78 years old on the first day of April, and the terrible mental strain he has endured as the prime minister of three German emperors would have killed a dozen ordinary men."

"My reason for believing what my usually reliable correspondent sends is a very simple one. I can appreciate more fully than Americans how impossible it is for the German newspapers to print anything about the emperor, the royal family or Prince Bismarck, especially such alarming rumors as the message I have received."

Gladstone Expresses Hopeful Views.

LONDON, March 29.—Mr. Gladstone has been visited by delegations from the Belfast chamber of commerce, the Belfast harbor commissioners, and the Ulster Linen Merchants' association, who addressed the premier in deprecation of the proposition to establish a separate legislature in Ireland, and represented that Irish interests would be greatly injured thereby and that religious and racial divisions would make successful home rule impossible. Mr. Gladstone, in reply, discounted the importance of the fall in Irish securities which, he said, doubtless arose from the fact that the majority of the property owning classes in Ireland were opposed to home rule. Mr. Gladstone disputed the allegation that historical jealousies existed between the members of different religious in Ireland, and he denied that racial divisions would prevent unity under one local government. Mr. Gladstone referred to the Dominion of Canada as an instance of diversity of racial and religious elements infinitely sharper than in Ireland, but Canada, nevertheless, was contented and prosperous.

Friends For the Military Bill.

BERLIN, March 29.—The Kaiser is gradually gathering in new friends for his all-important military bill. His latest valuable acquisition is Baron von Schorlemer-Alst, who resigned his seat in the reichstag a year ago and some time later was appointed a member of the Prussian house of lords by the Kaiser. The baron has had many a fight with the government and is a favorite with the people.

A Blow at Ahlwardt.

BERLIN, March 29.—The federal council has indorsed a bill to be placed before the reichstag declaring that immunity of that body by the constitution shall not apply to old criminals. Ahlwardt has been repeatedly convicted of fraud, jumping his rent, etc., and he will therefore come under the law which will be passed.

A Reconciliation Coming.

ROME, March 29.—The Te Domin, which has not been heard in Roman churches since the holy city became the capital of United Italy, will be pronounced at the occasion of the silver wedding of King Humbert and Queen Marguerite, so a well-authenticated rumor says. This foreshadows the partial reconciliation between the pope and the king.

Cholera Raging Again.

LEMBERG, March 29.—Cholera has broken out with great virulence in the Dutty of Bukovina, on the Russian frontier. The villages of Belez, Soroki, Bender and Tyrsopol are particularly affected and strict preventative measures have been ordered.

No Use For Bismarck.

HAMBURG, March 29.—Police have prohibited the torchlight procession of Hamburg citizens, which was to be held during the night from good Friday to Saturday, in honor of Bismarck's seventy-eighth birthday.

Sure Way to Win.

Two men in Teoma a few days ago discovered a mine way to beat the farm game. Wearing masks had been drinking heavily for several days, and after quarreling with his wife took three table-spoonsful of paragon. Dr. Schreiner was called and applied a stomach pump, with the result that Morrison is in a fair way to recover.

A Youthful Elocutionist.

COLUMBUS, O., March 29.—A communication was received by State School Commissioner Carson from the superintendent of the public schools in a Northern Ohio village, stating that there is a prodigy there in the person of a 15-year-old elocutionist, who should be sent to the World's fair. There is no fund for such a purpose.

"I made an angel cake that was elegant and one that was awful," said Maad. "This is the third, and it will decide as to whether or not I can be considered an expert."

A Brakeman Killed.

ALLIANCE, O., March 29.—O. W. Bonacker, a Ft. Wayne brakeman of this place, fell between the cars on his train, was fatally injured and died. He leaves a wife and child.

Narrowly Escaped Asphyxiation.

YOUNGSTOWN, O., March 28.—Owight Hartzell, a young machinist, son of a wealthy business man, was nearly asphyxiated in his sleeping room.

JAPAN TO BE A FACTOR.

It Is Claimed She Is After the Hawaiian Islands.

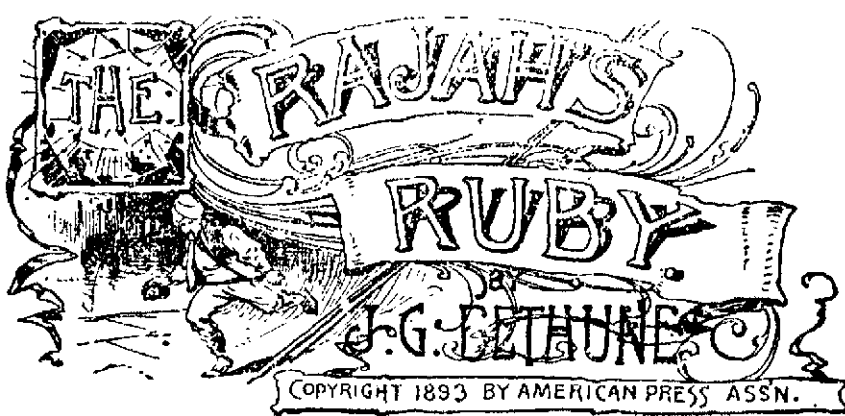
SAN FRANCISCO, March 29.—From advices received here it is believed that Japan has designs upon the Sandwich Islands owing to the employment of a large number of her subjects on the sugar plantations. Chief Justice Judd, in speaking on the matter, instanced, first, that the captain of the Japanese cruiser Naniwa had called upon the provisional government and said that if the United States abandoned its protectorate the Japanese would consider that no government existed in the islands and would raise their flag. The Japanese government officials are said to be profiting through the remunerative labors of their subjects and another thousand of them have left Japan for Hawaii. British Minister Wodehouse is on friendly terms with the Japanese commissioner, and it has even been charged that Wodehouse has advised the commissioner as to his policy.

Colonel Volney Ashford, who was obliged to leave for the states for advocating that the provisional government is now seeking to bring about, namely, annexation, in conversation with a correspondent, said that Japan was a power not to be despised, and he was satisfied that the Naniwa would have made an effort to annex or establish a protectorate on the islands had she not been forestalled by Minister Stevens.

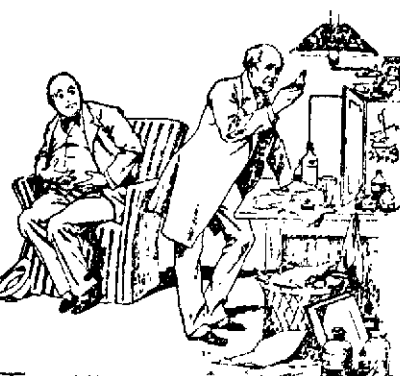
Labor Organizations Will Fight.

NEW YORK, March 29.—The battle between the Clothing Manufacturers' association and the garment cutters of the Federation of Labor is now at white heat. Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, has arrived from Detroit. The arrival of Mr. Gompers, general master workman of the Knights of Labor, has stirred up intense feeling. The presence of the heads of the rival organizations is understood to mean that the present fight will be a war of extermination of one of the two orders. The Knights of Labor cutters are at work and will not go out, it is announced, in order to help the federation.

A Man Horribly Butchered.



CHAPTER IV. "I SEE DIMLY A DARKER MYSTERY."



"Oh—oh, doctor, can't you give me something quick, before I die?"

In nothing did Folsom Simpson show his wonderful readiness more markedly than in his action on finding himself alone in the office of Dr. Maidhoff. The most that he had hoped for on his way thither was the opportunity of a look at the interior and of making the acquaintance of the physician. In a general way he intended to play the part of a patient of his as long as it could be made to serve his purpose, but here he was with the chance which he had not looked for under a week at the least.

Springing lightly to his feet, he first made for the drawers, rummaging about a dozen, beneath the cases in which the physician kept his jars, bottles and various compounds. He drew out one after the other, bestowing only a momentary glance on each. They were half filled with what might be classified under the head of rubbish, such as wrapping paper, twine, empty bottles, scraps of letters and tidbits. The last that he drew out was a small, square, leather-bound book which he turned over with a look of interest, and he gave precious little attention to them.

"The receptacle for which I am looking is locked," was his conclusion as he turned his efforts to the large writing desk, whose top was thrown back. "Here it is," he added a moment later when one of the small drawers resisted his efforts.

In a twinkling he had out his bunch of skeleton keys, and in less time than would be supposed the receptacle was exposed to his view.

It contained nothing but letters flung loosely together.

"Doubtless there are some missives here which would interest Mrs. Maidhoff, but which it would be as well that she should not see," reflected the jovial detective, who fingered over the different letters with the skill of a postoffice clerk. "I haven't struck anything in the nature of a casket, and it is too much to hope that I will find the wonderful ruby, but—hello!"

His eye caught an envelope with a foreign stamp. A glance at it showed that the postmark was Calcutta. "That is worth looking into," he muttered, unhesitatingly shoving the envelope, whose plumpness showed that it contained a letter, into his pocket. "There may be more of them."

Possibly there was, but the opportunity to search further was denied him. More than 20 minutes had passed since he began his illegal work, and he was getting along famously when a cough and the sound of footsteps on the side porch warned him of the doctor's approach. With inimitable dexterity Simpson slid the drawer back in its place and locked it, slipped to his seat on the lounge and looked like a man suffering from a severe attack of colic.

Mrs. Maidhoff had informed her husband that a patient awaited him in the office, so that he was prepared for his visitor.

Assuredly the physician was deceived by the action and appearance of his strange caller, for nothing is easier than to assume the looks and manner of a desperately ailing man. Simpson unhesitatingly admitted that he had been overindulging in a series of fruit, topped off with wine, whisky and a couple of swallows of brandy whose quality excited his suspicion.

"I spare it to my own fault," he groaned, "but that doesn't help these confounded cramps. Oh—oh, doctor, can't you give me something quick before I die?"

The physician lost no time in preparing a fiery compound, which was administered to the sufferer on the spot. After a few minutes' appropriate delay the sick man announced that he felt much better, and in his gratitude handed the physician double his fee and took his departure before the doctor could make some inquiries he had in mind regarding his identity, for, knowing every one as at Ellenville, a little natural curiosity on his part was perhaps excusable under the circumstances.

Fifteen minutes later Simpson was back again in the room of Max Manson, to whom he recounted his experience.

"There may be something and there may be nothing in this letter," he remarked as he drew it forth from the envelope. "We shall soon find out—confound it!"

The last exclamation was caused by the discovery that about one-third of the sheet containing writing had been torn off and was missing. The penmanship was excellent, so that without difficulty the two detectives read the following broken communication:

CALCUTTA, JUNE —
Two natives, Wickman and Lugro, some time during the present month by steamer will sail for the United States, their destination being the town of Ellenville, in the state

of — They are both desperate villains, who took — mutiny, and I have — and rescued — the organization of assassins known — Thugs, and which was suppressed by Eng — They have been sent by the rajah of — an — cators once owned the wonderful gem known — ruby. This fabulous potentate has been engaged — effort to trace this jewel and has ascertained — that it is now in the possession — of — Livernore of Ellenville, Conn., U. S. A. — an — immense reward to bring it back, and — an — in the compass of human ability — no crimes or means to secure their purpose.

I write hastily in order to warn you — may not start for several weeks or months — the — station, which carries this letter. Be — may lose the rajah's ruby, and probably your — assuredly be the case if it is necessary — them to accomplish their purpose. Very — respect — How —

Both Manson and Simpson were skilled in cipher writing and in the study of cryptograms. It was no difficult matter, where so much was already told, for them to fill in the blanks caused by the loss of part of the letter.

They did it in this wise, and though it is not supposed that they were literally correct, there was little doubt that they were substantially so:

CALCUTTA, JUNE —
I leave Calcutta some time during the present month by steamer for England, whence they will sail for the United States, their ultimate destination being the town of Ellenville, in the state of Connecticut. They are both desperate villains, who took part in the sepoys' mutiny, and I have good reason to believe, are members of the organization of assassins known under the name of Thugs, and which was suppressed in England many years ago.

They have been sent by the rajah of — whose ancestors once owned the wonderful gem known as the rajah's ruby. This fabulous potentate has been engaged for years in the effort to trace this jewel and has ascertained that it is now in the possession of Miss Automatic Livernore of Ellenville, Conn., U. S. A. They have been offered an immense reward to bring it back, and they will do so if it is within the compass of human ability. They will devote all an crime or means to secure their purpose.

I write hastily in order to warn you of your danger. They may not start for several weeks or months, and they may leave by the steamer which carries this letter. Be on your guard, or you may lose the rajah's ruby, and probably your life, as well as assuredly be the case if it is necessary in order for them to accomplish their purpose. Very respectfully,

Howard —
That letter establishes the fact that two men have been sent from the other side of the world," said Simpson, "for the rajah's ruby, and it looks very much as if they had secured it and are working their way back home with the gem."

"Then do you consider the doctor eliminated from the problem?"

"By no means, though it does seem unjustifiable to submit him to suspicion. I can't help believing, however, that he knows much more about that ruby than he is willing to admit."

"The most natural suspicion is that he has been paid a big sum to help in its abstraction from Miss Livernore's safe."

"It is easy to see that he possessed her fullest confidence," said Simpson, who, now that he was thinking deeply, laid aside his jollity of manner, though he hid another fragrant cigar and nursed the foot of the lamp resting across his knee.

"Those two miscreants must have done as the writer of that letter intimated—left on the same steamer with the missive, so that they appeared in Ellenville about the same time. Upon receiving the alarming letter Miss Livernore had given it to Dr. Maidhoff. Its tearing apart is a singular accident, but why didn't the doctor at once apply to the authorities to secure protection against this burglary and, as it proved, her own death?"

"It is that feature of the business," continued Simpson, "which causes grave suspicion against him. Surely he would not have neglected that simple precaution unless he had some sinister reason for doing so. I tell you, Max, while you follow up those sepoys I shall cultivate the doctor."

"Have you any hope of finding the ruby in his possession?"

Folsom Simpson looked toward the ceiling for a few minutes, while he mused the room with the mellow perfume from incense. He was pondering some strange question of which his companion could form no conception. He certainly saw a complication which did not present itself to his astute friend.

"I don't know how to answer you, Max. The natural belief, with the little light we have gathered, is that Dr. Maidhoff was bribed to help these fellows to get the ruby and that they are making off with it. Probably that is the fact, and yet I can't believe it."

It is impossible to depict the earnestness with which Simpson uttered this declaration. He said:

"I see dimly a darker mystery in the background. If I do not explain myself, it is not because I do not intend to work heart and hand with you in clearing up this tragic problem. The success of one, so far as we are concerned, means the success of both."

CHAPTER V
FOLSOM SIMPSON MADE A BRILLIANT DISPLAY OF HIS SKILL.

Between 9 and 10 o'clock on the following morning the heavy knocker of the residence of the late Miss Livernore was sounded, and the maid who answered it found the round Mr. Simpson awaiting her. With a polite bow he asked:

"Is Miss Gilder in?"

"She is," was the unexpected reply. "Do you wish to see her?"

"If it is convenient for her to receive a brief business call, I will be obliged."

The servant drew back the door, and he stepped into the hall. There was no reason for Mr. Simpson assuming any other name than his own, for no one besides Manson suspected his identity or business in Ellenville. Chief Varick had

sent one of his men direct to Dr. Maidhoff, who was thus placed on his guard. He deemed it wise to send another trusted person, of whom the physician should know nothing.

Miss Gilder, who entered the parlor a few minutes later, was a bright, pretty brunette, vivacious in manner, graceful and the thorough lady at all times. Simpson rose, hat in hand, and apologizing for his intrusion so soon after her affliction said:

"I understand that the death of your aunt has made it necessary to place this property in the market, learning which I have called to make some inquiries for a friend of mine."

"You are right, but the matter is in the hands of the executors—Dr. Maidhoff and Mr. Birchett."

"Of course; but, if I am not presuming too much, I will be obliged if you will permit me to take a look through the house."

"There can be no objection to that," she promptly responded, rising and leading the way through the hall to the various rooms in turn.

The visitor had already noticed preparations for removal on the part of the occupants. They were visible in every room, but were of no special interest. He went through the farce of inspecting each apartment in turn, but without seeming to do so he ended the survey in the large dining room, where stood the heavy iron safe, which possessed a peculiar attraction to him.

"I understand that your aunt was the victim of a robbery?" remarked the visitor inquiringly.

"I was not aware that it was generally known," was the reply of the young lady, whose manner showed a slight displeasure at the remark.

"It is hard to keep such matters secret, however desirable it may be. May I ask whether the criminals have been caught?"

"I really know nothing about it," answered Miss Gilder, with a manner which showed she wished the subject dismissed. Simpson, however, was not to be thwarted so easily.

"Then you were not here at the time?"

"Which was undoubtedly fortunate for you, for such men are always desperate and hesitate at no crime. Their visit was a great shock to your aunt and doubtless hastened her death."

"Yes; no—that is, of course she was shocked, but the subject is an unpleasant one to me."

The momentary confusion shown by Miss Gilder confirmed Simpson in his conviction that only the border of the mystery of the rajah's ruby had as yet been touched. Despite his caution and the skill with which he had managed the interview, the young lady had formed a suspicion of him. A woman's instinct is superior to a man's wisdom, and she was on her guard.

If the detective was to win, it must be through a victory over this keen-witted young lady. Her last remark proved it. He could frame no good excuse for tarrying longer, and again thanking her for her courtesy took his departure.

Although Simpson and Manson had spent so much time together the evening before, they deemed it wise to act at other times as if strangers. On the return of the former to the hotel he learned that his associate had gone.

This was expected, for the matter was understood between them.

"He is hot on the trail of those sepoys. Max believes that when he runs them down the case will be closed. Perhaps it will, but I do not believe it. The mystery of the rajah's ruby is to be solved right here in the little town of Ellenville."

From his station at the window of his room in front he could see the dwelling which he had just visited, as well as most of the main street of the place. At the moment he fixed his gaze on the home of the late Miss Livernore he saw a figure emerge from the front door, walk down the gravelled path through the gate and turn up the street.

"That's my pretty Miss Gilder," was his conclusion, "and if I am not mistaken she is about to make a call on Dr. Maidhoff. She has not the appearance of a young lady in need of his professional services, and I shouldn't wonder if she wants to discuss my call upon her. Fact is, I feel a little unwell myself and think I ought to see the doctor as soon as I can."

A minute later he was walking along the street a short way behind the young lady, upon whose movements he kept watch.

Simpson was not averse to his suspicion of her intention. She turned into the gate of Dr. Maidhoff's home and was admitted with only a momentary delay.

Waiting a very brief time, he followed her. The servant, telling him that the doctor would be engaged for a few moments, showed him into the sitting room. This was what Simpson wished, but he felt that his fortune was almost too good to last.

Seating himself in the chair nearest the door of the doctor's office, he was no sooner left alone than he softly rose and placed his ear as close as he could get it to the crevice.

It was running great risk, but couldn't be helped. Any movement of the doctor could be anticipated by the eavesdropper, but he could not detect the approach of one from the other direction, nor could he conceal what he was doing from such a one. These risks, however, are accepted as a matter of course by the profession.

Every word uttered a few feet away was heard distinctly by the listener, who only prayed that no other patients would arrive for some minutes, or until the conversation was over.

"What makes you think so?" was the first remark which reached his ears and was uttered by Dr. Maidhoff.

"He looked so sharply at everything. It seemed to me he would never take his eyes off the safe in the dining room."

"He may be contemplating a raid upon it," was the jokey comment of the doctor.

"No; he is no burglar, but I believe he is here on business connected with the ruby. Dear me, doctor, I can hardly

sleep nights, I am so worried."

"Haven't I assured you there is no cause for fear? Then you know there is, or rather was, a regular detective here. He was sent at my request, and if he has not already gone home disgrusted with the business he will soon do so."

"How do you know he will?"

"Why, how should I know except from his own lips?"

"I wonder if those men always tell the truth?"

The listener smiled and said in his mind, "She ought to be a detective, for my hardest task will be to outwit her."

"Did he make any inquiries of you concerning the—affair of last week?"

"He started to do so, but I gave him such a plain hint that the subject was a painful one to me that he did not repeat it."

"You didn't give anything away, Miss Gilder?"

"I think not, but he confused me for a moment by his abrupt question. I am sure that if he continued I would have tripped."

"Well, my good friend, I cannot share your misgivings. Nothing is more natural than for a man to look over the property which he contemplates purchasing, and I cannot see anything suspicious in the call of this gentleman on you. I trust you looked becomingly sad when he referred to the death of your beloved aunt."

That this was a hypocritical query was proved by the audible laugh which accompanied it. The young lady said reprovingly:

"I assure you, doctor, that I can see nothing to laugh at in this business. I shall not cease to worry until!"

"Until when?" he asked as she hesitated.

"Oh, until it is settled and the whole matter off our hands."

"And that will be the case pretty soon. Take my advice, Miss Gilder, and think no more of it, except to smile over the clever way in which the whole thing has been managed. But I believe a patient is in the next room."

The waiting "patient" whisked silently to the other side of the apartment, where he was demurely seated when the doctor, having hidden Miss Gilder good day, opened the other door to invite him into his office.

The face of the physician showed that he was a little startled when he recognized in his visitor the gentleman whom he had been talking about to the young lady. Despite his assurances to her he was not entirely free from suspicion, though he sought to conceal it by his manner. He must have reflected that if Mr. Simpson was really a detective he had been given a fine opportunity to pick up some interesting points.

And it was just there that Folsom Simpson made a brilliant display of his skill. He told a straight story to the doctor about his call at the residence of the late Miss Livernore, made so many inquiries about the property, looked so truthful when he said he thought he had better have a little more medicine, and, in short, played his part so well that when he departed the doctor, looking after him, said to himself:

"What a goose! Miss Gilder is to imagine that he is a detective!"

CHAPTER VI.

MAX MANSON HAD ALREADY CAUGHT A NEW SOUND.

Detective Max Manson when he set out to track two natives of Hindostan was confident that, if the missing gem was ever recovered, it would be through his efforts rather than those of his clever associate, Folsom Simpson. He believed that his record and had deliberately thrown the opportunity in his way.

"It would be just like him. He came to Ellenville mysteriously, but in obedience to orders. He had long enough to help me to the true theory and stays behind to go through the form of doing something. That ought to look when I put the question to him was with a view of deceiving me. Folsom is a clever fellow, but I can read him."

It proved not very difficult to trace the natives. Traveling with their packs, it was their custom to spend several days at different villages and towns. When through with any place they did not walk to the next nearest town, but traveled by rail.

Before leaving Ellenville Manson made some inquiries, the result of which was not altogether satisfactory. He found that the peddlers had never been arrested for two suspected robbery of Miss Livernore. There was considerable suspicion expressed concerning them, but it never went to the point of interfering with their movements.

"Dr. Maidhoff told me that those two men were arrested and subjected to rigid examination without proving anything against them. What could his object have been in deceiving me?"

It was hard to answer the question. After all it did not seem of special importance, and he soon dismissed it from his thoughts.

The agent at Ellenville remembered that the two men had bought tickets for a point about 20 miles away. The fact that it was in the direction of New York caused Manson some uneasiness, for his fear was that they might elude him by going straight to the metropolis and sailing for Europe. He decided that if he should find they had gone directly to the city he would telegraph to Chief Varick and set him at work.

Leaving the train at the point indicated, he quickly gained tidings of the fellows. They had left the town only two days before, still proceeding in the direction of New York. Their tickets would carry them alarmingly close to the metropolis, and Manson's misgivings increased.

A surprise awaited him when he once more left the train and succeeded after some inquiries in gaining track of the men. That morning they had bought tickets for Winfield, whether they had undoubtedly gone with their packs and trinkets.

The earliest feature of this last move was that Winfield, instead of being to the westward, lay in a directly opposite course. The East Indians had turned back over their own trail.

"That's queer," reflected Manson, "but those people are as cunning as the cobras of their own country, and probably they are indulging in this deliberation for the purpose of throwing off all possible suspicion."

It was past 11 o'clock when the detective stepped upon the platform at Winfield, which, as far as he could tell with the aid of the moonlight and a few oil lamps, was of about the same size as Ellenville, and, like that primitive town, contained but a single house for the entertainment of man and beast. Making his way thither, he found the landlord smoking his pipe in the barroom and on the point of retiring. His visitors had departed, and of his guests only a couple were visible to the belated arrival. They were the East Indians whom he was seeking.

There could be no mistake on that point, for a single glance was sufficient to identify them, with their swarthy skins, their jet black hair and eyes, their white, glassy teeth and their half oriental garb.

They were seated in chairs in one corner of the room talking in their native tongue. Naturally they glanced up at Manson as he came in, and nodding to them as well as the landlord he registered and stated that he would probably spend several days in the village.

It was a vast relief to the detective to find that he had run down the couple in such a brief time and with comparatively little trouble. He fully believed that one of them at that moment had the rajah's ruby about his garments, for it was not to be supposed that after once getting their hands on it they would take the risk of forwarding it to India, or indeed of allowing it to pass out of their possession unless compelled as a matter of precaution to take the step.

Quite confident on this point, the struggle, as the detective now viewed it, narrowed down to a conflict of wit and cunning between him and these swarthy miscreants, who had traveled so many thousand miles to commit the robbery.

His theory, as intimated elsewhere, was that the fellows arriving in Ellenville had carefully looked over the ground and decided that the safer course for them was to bribe Dr. Maidhoff to secure the gem for them. Doubtless they came prepared to pay a large price, for it could not have been the intrinsic value of the ruby, great as it was, which gave it such worth in the eyes of the devotees of its first owners.

The physician had secured the prize, as he could readily do, and the detective was inclined to suspect that he had not hesitated at the crime of murder in order to carry out his part of the bargain. He had received the wages of his treachery, and the messengers of evil were making their way homeward with the priceless jewel and doing so with a deliberation that they might well believe would ward off all suspicion.

Manson sat down for a brief talk with the landlord before retiring for the night. He apparently bestowed little attention on the fellows in the corner, but he wanted the chance to study them, to make a preliminary survey of the ground, as may be said.

On their part they seemed to feel no interest in him, but every time he stole a glance at the dusky countenances, with their red felt skull caps, from which gilt tassels dangled, he encountered those sinistly eyes which instantly fitted their looks in another direction.

"It is impossible that they should suspect me," was his conclusion, "any more than they may suspect all strangers. I suspect they are fully armed, and by couple will be dangerous to attack."

They continued conversing with considerable animation, being free with their gestures and apparently deeply interested in what each was saying.

"If I only understood Hindostani," thought Manson, "I might be able to pick up a valuable pointer or two, for they must feel free to talk their language before any people besides their own."

Suddenly they rose, and one of them said to the landlord in far English:

"We go to bed, please."

"All right," he replied with a yawn, glad to find that he was about to gain the sleep for which he was yearning.

"I'll be back with you in a minute," he added, addressing Manson, who nodded and said he was ready to retire.

At the time of visiting his name on the wall flanked book of the hotel Manson noticed the two signatures of "Wichman" and "Lugro," so that it may be said their identification was complete.

Nothing was to be gained by questioning the host, who not only was sleepy, but was stupid. So he followed him up stairs behind his tallow candle and along the uncarpeted hall.

"Your room is next to them chaps," said the landlord as he turned about to leave, "but I guess they ain't dangerous."

"I have no fears," replied Manson, closing the door, locking and bolting it.

Now that he was alone, however, he naturally asked himself whether it was possible to make any use of what, under other circumstances, would clearly have been an advantage.

"If they would only talk in English," he muttered as he heard the hum of their voices, "I could catch something possibly worth knowing, but as it is I might as well be a mile away from them."

The professional instinct led him softly to unfasten his door and to thrust out his head, with his ear close to the next door.

As he did so a thrill passed through him. Wichman and Lugro were conversing in English.

"He watch me—he watch you—he after us," was the astonishing remark of one of them.

"I see dat," replied his companion, "tomorrow he bring another officer—he take us to jail—he hunt our pockets—our bundles—our everything—he tink he find it—den what we do?"

"Mebbe won't find it," suggested the other.

"Why he no find it?"

"Mebbe he hide it."

"Where? In woods?"

"No, he watch us tomorrow. He see us—we hide it here in dis room, for he

no look here.

"Dunno, dunno," commented the other in a voice which showed nevertheless that he was impressed by the proposal of his companion.

"Dis best place. He no look here. Leave it here two, free days—mebbe two, free weeks—den, come back, stay one night, get it 'gin!"

This amazing conversation now ceased. For several minutes only a word or two was uttered, and then it was in their native tongue.

But the listening Max Manson had already caught a new sound. It was such as would have been made by a man cutting an opening in the wooden surbase of his room with a keen edged knife.

He was confident he knew what the sound meant.

CHAPTER VII.

"I DON'T THINK YOU HAVE GOT THE RAJAH'S RUBY."

The following morning, when the two sepoys appeared on the front porch of the Winfield hotel, Max Manson was in the act of saying goodby to the landlord.

"I must take the next train to New York," said he; "the distance to the station is so short I'll walk, but I have no time to lose."

Nevertheless he stood a few minutes after one of the aliens started in the direction of the station. When the detective reached that point, the fellow was lounging among several waiting passengers. Without seeming to pay attention to him Max observed that he bought no ticket. There could be no doubt that he had gone thither to watch Manson.

The latter bought with some ostentation a ticket for the metropolis and entered the smoking car of the train, which drew up a few minutes later. The glance which he cast at the platform showed the East Indian still there, where he doubtless staid until after the cars had steamed away.

"He knows I am booked for New York," reflected Manson, "and is sure that I will go straight through, but I have some doubts on that point."

The first station at which the train drew up was about 10 miles away. There the detective disembarked and a half hour later boarded the cars in the opposite direction. Before they came to a halt he took a cautious survey of the platform. If the Asiatic was there, he intended to stay on the train, for it was necessary above everything that his return to Winfield should be unknown and unsuspected by those fellows.

The coast seemed to be clear, and he stepped out, a number of other people doing the same, to say nothing of several who took their departure from the place. Manson was specially anxious to get back to the inn without detection by the foreigners. He made his way along and through the street with the greatest possible precaution. It was to be supposed that the peddlers would be absent by that time retailing their knickknacks through the neighborhood. Manson was confident, therefore, when he ascended the steps of the hotel, without having caught the first glimpse of them, that he had nothing to fear in the way of discovery.

The landlord naturally showed some surprise at seeing his late guest again, but the latter, shaking him heartily by the hand, said:

"Strange that I should have forgotten something. With your permission I would like to go to my room for a few minutes."

"Of course, of course," was the response; "just make yourself at home. I'll be glad to have you stay a week."

They were neat and tidy at the hotel, for though the hour was quite early, Manson found that his bed and room had been put in good order. The landlord had given him a key with which he admitted himself, setting his valise on the floor. Listening for some minutes and cautiously surveying his surroundings, he was convinced that no one was in sight. He inserted the key in the adjoining door, where the peddlers had spent the preceding night. He could not help smiling when he found that the lock responded as readily to the key as did his own.

"I've no doubt it will fit every door along the hall," was his conclusion as he unlocked his own door after setting down his valise in the room he was about to inspect.

In case any one should come upon him while engaged in this apartment he could make the reasonable plea of a mistake quite natural under the circumstances.

The detective lost no time. The appearance of the room showed that the late occupants expected to return, for a considerable of their trumpery lay about the floor, and some of their extra clothing was suspended from the hooks in the closet.

Recalling where he had heard that peculiar noise when listening the night before, Manson began a careful examination of the surbase running along the side of the room next to his own.

"They were at work somewhere near that spot," he said, looking keenly at the portion near the corner of the apartment. "I heard them using their knife for a good while. They are cunning workers at that sort of thing and have concealed their work well."

When some minutes passed without any discovery, a feeling of doubt crept into his mind, and he asked himself whether it was not some trick, after all which they were playing upon him.

"If it was, I can't suspect its nature, but I'll find out."

GRESHAM'S CALLERS.

THE SECRETARY BESIEGED BY AN OFFICE SEEKING ARMY.

Receptions at the State Department—General Grant's Advice to Hayes—Some Trying Scenes—Running the Gantlet—Official Perplexities.

WASHINGTON, March 23.—There is something very ludicrous about this office seeking business. For two or three weeks the capital has been the theater of many little comedies, and I fear not a few tragedies, among the men who are ambitious to serve their country in one capacity or another. Day after day the act is played over and over until at last it becomes decidedly tiresome to all concerned. Let us visit the office of one of the members of the cabinet this morning and see what we shall see. The office of the secretary of state will do as well as any other.

It is 9 o'clock, and the throngs of government employees scurrying through the streets to their work seem unusually large, and so they are, for among them are the office seekers on their way to the various departments, each to the great public office which contains his hopes, his fears. The office seeker gets up early in the morning. Hope, you know, springs eternal, and no matter what the discouragement of the day before a night's sleep and a good breakfast—as yet the ambitious ones are quartered at the best hotels—tend to restore self confidence.

Fifty or seventy-five enter the treasury department; several hundred wend their way to the general postoffice and the great interior department; many go to see Daniel Lamont in the war office; others set out for the department of justice or agriculture. When we enter the anteroom of the secretary of state at half past 9, we find we are very late. Two score or more of gentlemen are ahead of us.

I wish I could vividly describe the scene for you. Men are sitting about on sofas, chairs, even tables. Many are compelled to stand. An usher informs them that seats may be had in another anteroom, and he becomes the way, but none follows. Their eyes are on the big door at the other end of the apartment, behind which Secretary Gresham is known to be. With surprising unanimity they silently agree to stay near this door, seat or no seat. So they sit and stand about, watching that door and looking askance at each other. There is very little conversation. For some reason men who know each other well are not inclined to talk. They are too serious. Every man of them appears to be turning over in his mind what he will say to the secretary when they stand face to face—if they ever do.

These candidates for the minor appointments, as ministers abroad and consuls, are a well appearing lot of men. They have good manners, good clothes, good faces. Many of them are known to be prosperous in their business or profession, and it is not dire distress but fell ambition which has driven them to this extremity. It is plainly evident that each of them has carefully made his toilet this morning. He has arisen early, not only to breakfast, but to shave. But he hasn't had time to enjoy his after breakfast cigar, and he and all his fellows, who dare not be seen calling on the secretary of state with cigars in their mouths, cast envious glances at the only man in the room who is smoking—a newspaper correspondent who seeks news and not office.

There is something ludicrously pathetic about this great and general effort to appear at one's best—this sprucing up, this petty self denial, this careful study of words and deportment as if they were juveniles awaiting catechization and inspection by the merchant who is about to hire an office boy. Not all are really well dressed. One has indulged the luxury of a very shiny hat in order to offset the glister of a well worn coat. Another covers his frayed and greasy undercoat by keeping his overcoat tightly buttoned down before. And a third—a tall, gaunt, colored man, with a face so serious that it would make his fortune in the undertaking business—hides his ragged shoes as well as he can with a pair of new, gray and unusually large spats!

An incident which is almost tragic now occurs, and this colored man is a central figure in it. He chances to sit at the end of a desk, and his hat is not in view. Somewhat naturally, therefore, a Georgian man mistakes him for a servant and then commands, as a white man in Georgia unthinkingly commands almost any negro:

"Sam, put my overcoat on the window over there in the corner."

The colored man, who, I happen to know, is a college graduate, a successful teacher and one who would make a creditable representative of this government in the consular to which he aspires, replies with nice dignity and bearing and without any show of anger:

"I beg your pardon; you have evidently made a mistake. I am a stranger in this office and not an employee."

The Georgian, too, proves himself a gentleman. Perceiving his error he apologizes, though I can see it goes against the grain to apologize to a colored man.

Now and then the door leading to the secretary's inner office opens, one man emerges, and the usher shows another in. How the crowd envies the latter, and how it studies the face of the former! Has he been successful or not? "Possibly he is my rival and will beat me out." Then another long wait ensues. It is very tedious. "Why will that man take so much of the secretary's time?"

Some of these callers have been here every day for a week and haven't seen the secretary yet. There are senators here, too, and they fret and fume because the doors do not open before them. Senators are so unreasonable! During Mr. Cleveland's first term as president Mr. Vilas was for a time postmaster general. He made senators and representatives wait in his anteroom just like other people. He believed in fair play and first come first served. The congressmen

were very indignant, and one day Senator Voorhes, I think it was, kicked in the door which a messenger had closed in his face. Mr. Vilas is now a senator, and though one of the most courteous and considerate men in public life finds a large number of his colleagues still cold and unforgiving because he didn't throw wide open his doors for them eight years ago!

As I heard a bright woman say in the senate gallery a few days ago as she looked down upon the floor: "You men are only big boys."

Already stories are whispered round to the effect that there is trouble between the new president and the senate. They are not going to confirm some of his nominations. There is to be a big row. We always hear these stories when a new president comes in, and they remind me of the advice which General Grant gave to General Hayes when the latter came down to Washington to be president. Colonel Corbin of the army was with Mr. Hayes then, and he tells me the story.

General Hayes asked General Grant for some hints about the work, and the old soldier replied:

"You will get along all right with the people, General Hayes. They are reasonable and not difficult to please. You may even satisfy the house of representatives, but the man was never born of woman that could win the approval of the United States senate."

But I am wandering away from Secretary Gresham's anteroom. The candidates wait and wait, twirl their hats in their hands, wonder what their neighbors are after and if they are going to get it, say to themselves they'd give it up and go home if it wasn't for being laughed at by the people who know they are in Washington and for what purpose, and suddenly all in the room spring to their feet.

The secretary has entered. He has on his overcoat and carries his hat in his hand. Forty pairs of feet edge in his direction. Forty hands have an itching to grasp his. There is no stampede, no rush, no crowding. The aspirants are too well bred for that. As one of their number reaches the secretary's side the others fall back a little to give him a chance, but shuffle eagerly forward when Mr. Gresham disengages his hand and politely removes his coat from proximity to the tongue of the foremost. Thus man after man rolls up, grabs the hand that runs the state department and signs commissions, whispers a few hurried words, to say which, with others, he has been waiting for days, and falls back.

It is a trying scene for all concerned—trying to the aspirants, for each of them instinctively feels he has not helped his cause a whit; trying to the secretary, because he would if he could give every one of these men a fair chance to state his case, and because he knows that not one in a dozen of them will carry home with him anything but disappointment. The secretary of state is only human, weak and frail. He can endure only so many hours a day the ordeal of receiving callers, and he must have sleep, rest, meals and exercise, and if there were 72 instead of but 24 hours in the day he couldn't enjoy these and see even one-half of the aspirants and give to each the time desired. Besides the secretary has much other and much more important work to do, and so he runs the gantlet toward the corridor, shaking hands and exclaiming:

"You must excuse me, gentlemen, as I must go to the executive mansion at once. I am glad to see you, but you must excuse me now. I remember you very well, sir, but I must pass on now. Come and see me again."

And thus he presses his way to the hall and is off. His bearing is admirable. He is simply trying to do the best he can to be courteous, gentle and considerate under trying circumstances. Day after day he is fatigued by ordeals like this. Yet he works on, and the aspirants hang on, and here we have a glimpse of the office seeking scenes of the day.

What I have told you of one morning in the rooms of the secretary of state is true of every morning of every cabinet minister's office, of the White House itself. On the part of the representatives of the government there is patience, and also keen appreciation of the fact that these men who seek official appointments have their rights and that in a year or so of respect and consideration. It is a disgraceful, though decidedly uncomfortable, to seek office and this scene is it. But how we strive must all the good and pull a little for the cabinet minister, who knows that it is out of every 16 of this long procession must have only bitter disappointment for their pains!

It is not alone the executive officers of the government who suffer. Senators and congressmen are overwhelmed. They fly to Fort Monroe for a few days' respite, or to New York—any place but Washington or home. Their mail is dumped upon their desks by messengers and all singing the same tune. A dozen clerks and stenographers could not keep up with their correspondence these days. Their private and family letters lie buried in the mass which they do not get even time to open. Invitations to dinner are discovered days after the feast and while the would be host is cursing the guests who never came nor even sent their regrets. WALTER WELLMAN.

World's Fair Receipts.

The managers of the World's fair are already figuring upon receipts. They estimate that between 18,000,000 and 20,000,000 persons will pay 50 cents for the admission tickets, but this estimate is based on the assumption that the fair will be open Sunday. The great days will be: First, Illinois day; second, Indiana day; third, Wisconsin day; fourth, Michigan or Missouri day.

A Fortune in Music.

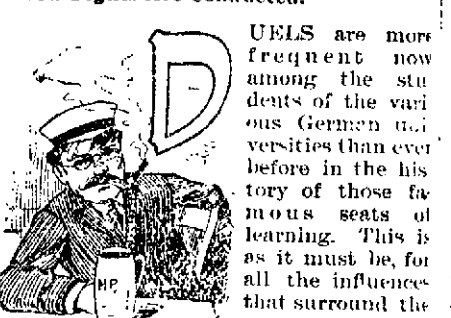
The works of the composer Balfe were gold mines to the publishers. The enterprising gentlemen who published "The Bohemian Girl" made \$40,000 profit out of "When Other Lips," a similar song out of "I Dreamt That I Dwelt in Marble Halls" and \$25,000 from "The Heart Bowed Down."

PROUD OF THEIR SCARS.

German Students Who Like to Get Their Faces Slashed.

BRAVERY THAT BRINGS BLOOD.

Duels Between the Schlager Corps. Honors of German Universities—Scarred Faces More Honored Than Scholarships. How Fights Are Conducted.



UELERS are more frequent now among the students of the various German universities than ever before in the history of those famous seats of learning. This is as it must be, for all the influence that surround the young man at a German college tend to encourage the practice of dueling.

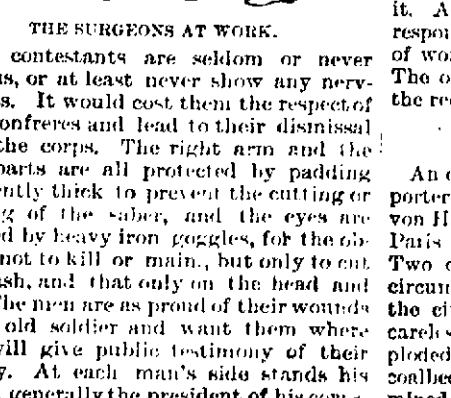
The Kaiser contemplates it because he thinks it makes better fighting men, more fearless soldiers. German fathers, whose own faces are all ridges and wrinkles, look approvingly on their sons' new manly wounds, while the mothers, used to honoring as so many indubitable proofs of bravery the scars on their husbands' faces, and knowing what an open sesame such wounds are to the German maiden's heart, are glad to see them on the faces of their boys.

The German student must fight. His social standing among his fellows depends upon it. The eagerness with which he seeks repeated contests is watched and commented on, and a refusal to engage in the dangerous pastime means practical ostracism. The student who wins scholastic honors is greatly commended and admired, but the hero of a dozen duels, whose face is gashed into a network of scars, that mark where else on earth would be considered disfiguring, is worshipped by his admiring comrades as a demigod, and envied as only the successful can be envied by those whose own lack of bravery or skill has barred them from such honorable distinction. For him all doors and hearts are open, and for him the German maiden reserves her sweetest smiles and most ardent favors. Membership in the "Schlager Corps" is called, is coveted as prima facie evidence of superior birth, bravery and ability and is a passport to any society the member may choose to enter.

It would seem to require greater moral courage to refuse to fight under such a condition of affairs than it would to face the most sanguinary antagonist, but since the theoretic exhibition of nerve has been applauded as bravery by long generations of men, and since the refusal to fight is liable to the most humiliating of misconceptions, these students' duels will probably continue until there is a radical change in the public sentiment that now sanctions them. They are, it is true, forbidden by law, and the greatest precautions are always taken to prevent duels, but the custom has the advantage of being three centuries of practically untroubled observance, and he must be a singularly dull police official who does not realize the propriety of winking the other eye when he is stables on a band of students, most of them of noble lineage and all of them of influential families, who are bent upon one of these singular sports.

Sometimes the police do interfere, for it is well known that men who have private grievances—a quarrel over a mistress's eyes, or any of the other grave and weighty matters that make up the life of men—cannot obtain permission to settle their differences in the students' arena, and these fights for vengeance are not to be countenanced even by the German police. The result of their interference is generally a technical disappointment, though, for when the officers have effected an entrance to the fighting room they usually find a lot of peaceable young men meekly sitting about the tables drinking beer and discussing the most abstruse mathematical propositions or the newest theories in regard to the oldest questions of ancient history. These young men, of course, cannot be interrupted with profane apologies to the surprised and indignant Herr Voss. It is the turn of the bloodthirsty students to go on with their interrupted exercises.

The method of procedure in all these duels is the same. Months are spent in the training halls of the different corps by the ambitious youngsters at count for distinction under the instruction of skilled and experienced teachers before they are allowed to take part in an encounter. Individual prowess has little to do with it beyond the first stages, for all duels are arranged by the president of the corps. When that dignitary considers his new men in good enough condition, he asks for volunteers to fight, the new men come forward, the names of the dozen or more of the other corps, and the challenge is quickly returned with a name written opposite that of each challenger, so each man knows who his opponent is to be. The day and place are then selected and communicated only to the members of the corps, with the strictest injunctions as to secrecy and caution in getting to the grounds.



THE SURGEONS AT WORK.

The contestants are seldom or never nervous, or at least never show any nervousness. It would cost them the respect of their comrades and lead to their dismissal from the corps. The right arm and the vital parts are all protected by padding sufficiently thick to prevent the cutting or piercing of the saber, and the eyes are guarded by heavy iron goggles, for the object is not to kill or maim, but only to cut and slash, and that only on the head and face. The men are as proud of their wounds as any old soldier and want them where they will give public testimony of their bravery. At each man's side stands his second, generally the president of his corps,

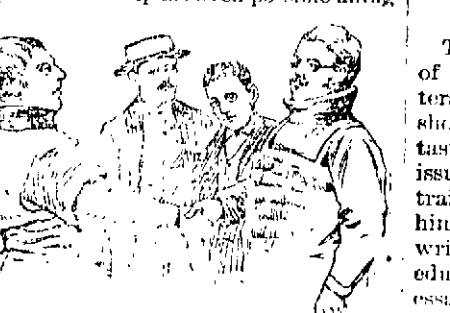
and another man, whose duty it is to wipe off the blood and straighten out the saber when they become bent. A surgeon is always present with instruments and bandages, and he is the only man besides the referee who is allowed to interfere in any way with the proceedings. His word is law, however, and all battles must stop immediately on his command.

When a very thing is ready, the referee announces the length of time to be devoted to the encounter. It may be 15 or 30 minutes, depending upon the experience of the combatants. The men listen unmoved and eye each other with critical nonchalance. It would not be half a bad thing to be a minor reader just now and able to catch in the secrets of the other fellow's knowledge, courage and skill. They rise at the word and take the masks. Then their swords are crossed, and an anticipatory hush gives evidence of the awakened interest of the groups of students looking on. The second is watchful, the referee steady. Finally the word is given, and the cutting and slashing begins. The swords flash up and down, backward and forward, in and out all around. There is music in the clanking for the eager onlookers, and the beer is left flat in the mugs, while the pipes are either puffed more vigorously or allowed to go out altogether, as the temperament of the smoker unconsciously dictates.

Cut, slash, swish, dash! the swords sing their dangerous song amid the most significant silence until one of the watchful seconds sees blood on the face of his man's opponent. "Halt!" he cries, and the fight stops itself. The surgeon examines the wound, and shows a bunch of lint into the bag rash in the back of the head, the blood is wiped off, and again the fight proceeds. The injured man gets the best of the next bout, for with a vengeance he breaks his opponent's guard and slashes him across the forehead. Again they take their seats to permit the staunching of the fast flowing blood with lint. But there is little time devoted to this. The loss of blood is weakening both men, and there must be full 15 minutes of fighting.

Again the words of command are spoken, and again steel clashes against steel with its menacing clatter. The men do not flinch. To-day each man has to reach the blow he sees descending might save his scalp, but would cost him the respect of every man in his corps. When the 15 minutes have expired, the score is scribbled on the side that has won it, and the combatants, crimson with blood from head to foot, are led out of the room to receive the surgeon's attention. Then again they exhibit that truly admirable quality which Americans call grit, for during the swarming order of having their cuts sewn up it is considered quite proper to throw a look at the opponent, and many of them are successful in their endeavors in that direction.

After their repairs are completed the men return to the fighting room to receive the congratulations or condolences of their friends, as the circumstances of the case may seem to warrant, and to witness the subsequent duels. On their return from the dressing rooms each seeks out his opponent, and they exchange bows and shake hands with a courtly grace born only of good breeding, but this is the only courtesy exchanged by members of the different corps. Friendship between possible antagonists.



AFTER THE BATTLE.

Quarrels are not permitted as it might interfere with the studies of some desirous student in a college or university, and the glory of the corps is always the first thing to be considered.

Duel accidents did not from early morning until sunset if the tournament is a good one, and a round dozen of patched faces and bandaged heads is not infrequently the gruesome tally of the day's cruel amusement. But the victims do not mind, and sympathy with them because of their wounds would be regarded as insular. The loss of these bloody postures is not a disgrace, but a source of honor upon which those who follow looked off the limits of their enemies with battle scars, and their skulls with two handed swords in the better and relentless warfare of olden times. H. T. WHITE.

A Woman's Finnish Vengeance.

Mrs. Ried's Finnish Vengeance, the wife of a farmer near Carrollton, Md., was greatly annoyed by scandalous reports about her, which she had been set in circulation by the Widow Briggs, a neighbor to whom Farmer Timmerleege had paid court before his marriage to herself. Mrs. Timmerleege went to Mrs. Briggs to tell her the widow paid no attention to the matter, but Mrs. Briggs, who was a woman of a pair of eyes, and with a razor, arrived at Mrs. Briggs, the angry woman found her asleep, and knowing he could not do so, he opened her eyes by catching the razor to the temple between the eye and the ear, and with a slash of the razor cut off an inch of it or more. Mrs. Briggs, in vain endeavoring to summon her husband to screaming out, but was prevented by the tongue being bit, she then went to the house of her daughter, who was found by her daughter with the razor stuck in her mouth.

After doing this act of vengeance at Timmerleege's house and razor, a call for the constable, where her brother for South America. This he had counted on in making her plans, and by the time a telegram could be sent for the authorities to hold her she was many miles out of sight.

Convict's Secret Correspondence.

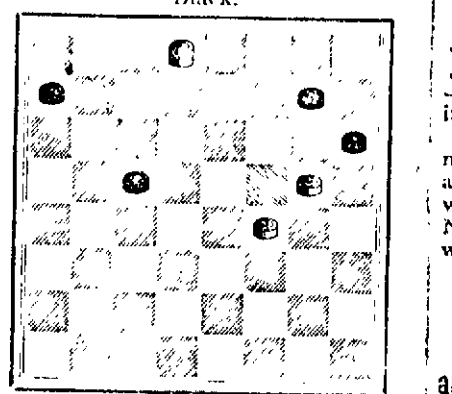
An official inquiry in France brought out some interesting information about the methods adopted by convicts for carrying on secret correspondence. One plan was to write with milk between the lines of an ordinary formal letter written in ink. The prisoner could make the secret writing legible by simply rubbing a dirty finger over it. Another ingenious form of secret correspondence consisted in leaving letters out of words, as if the writer were illiterate. The omitted letters put together formed the requisite words and sentences.

Dynamite in the Coal.

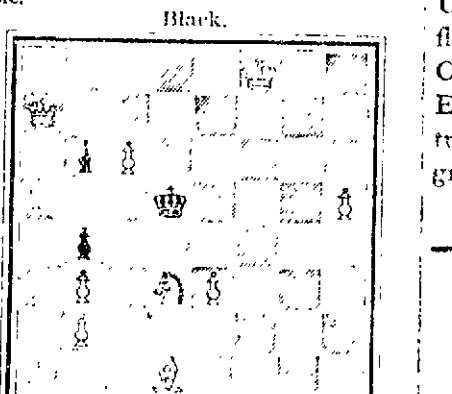
An explosion in the cooking stove of the porter's lodge of the house which the Prince and Princess recently built for himself in Paris severely injured the porter's wife. Two other explosions occurred in other parts of the city. An investigation showed that candles and matches were used to light the stoves, and that these are subsequently mined and sent out with the coal.

CHECKERS AND CHESS.

Checker Problem No. 211—End game. Black.



White. Black to move and win. Chess Problem No. 211—By F. W. Martin.



White. Black. White to play and mate in three moves. Chess Problem No. 210.

White. Black. 1. K to B5 2. K to B5 3. P to K4 4. K to B5 5. K to B5 6. K to B5 7. K to B5 8. K to B5 9. K to B5 10. K to B5 11. K to B5 12. K to B5 13. K to B5 14. K to B5 15. K to B5 16. K to B5 17. K to B5 18. K to B5 19. K to B5 20. K to B5 21. K to B5 22. K to B5 23. K to B5 24. K to B5 25. K to B5 26. K to B5 27. K to B5 28. K to B5 29. K to B5 30. K to B5 31. K to B5 32. K to B5 33. K to B5 34. K to B5 35. K to B5 36. K to B5 37. K to B5 38. K to B5 39. K to B5 40. K to B5 41. K to B5 42. K to B5 43. K to B5 44. K to B5 45. K to B5 46. K to B5 47. K to B5 48. K to B5 49. K to B5 50. K to B5 51. K to B5 52. K to B5 53. K to B5 54. K to B5 55. K to B5 56. K to B5 57. K to B5 58. K to B5 59. K to B5 60. K to B5 61. K to B5 62. K to B5 63. K to B5 64. K to B5 65. K to B5 66. K to B5 67. K to B5 68. K to B5 69. K to B5 70. K to B5 71. K to B5 72. K to B5 73. K to B5 74. K to B5 75. K to B5 76. K to B5 77. K to B5 78. K to B5 79. K to B5 80. K to B5 81. K to B5 82. K to B5 83. 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THE INDEPENDENT

WEEKLY FOUNDED IN 1885
DAILY FOUNDED IN 1887

THE WEEKLY INDEPENDENT is delivered to subscribers in the city and surrounding towns at 10 cents per week. By mail, postage free, \$5 per year; \$2.50 for six months.

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THURSDAY, MARCH 30, 1933.

Secretary Lamont has 662 applications on file for the single position of army paymaster.

The little republic of Ecuador honored Mr. Blaine's memory by placing the flag at half mast, on February 25.

John L. Sullivan is sick at New Orleans. The atmosphere of the Mardi Gras city seems to be fatal to the gentleman of sporting proclivities.

Bourke Cochran says: "When Cleveland makes up his mind to do a thing he generally does it." That is more than Mr. Cleveland could say of Bourke.

The first postmaster Mr. Cleveland appointed was an editor and now Dr. Senner, political editor of the New York Streets-Zeitung has been appointed commissioner of immigration at the port of New York.

All credit to Senator Hoar for his resolution instructing the committee on privileges and elections to investigate the allegations of criminal embezzlement made against Senator Roach, of North Dakota. If Roach is guilty he should be expelled in disgrace.

Standard time is to be the only time. So much is settled. Now which is the better plan to propose—shall we turn back our clocks one half hour, allow ourselves a thirty minute vacation, and resume operations upon nominally the same schedule time, with an actual difference of half an hour, or shall we proceed to do stated things at the same actual period as at present, doing, for instance, at 11:30 instead of 12? Suggestions on this momentous subject are in order.

Susan B. Anthony speaks by authority. She is unmarried herself. She is of the opinion that we are on the verge of an era of unmarried women. Our civilization, she says, is changing. Daughters cannot be supported at home and there is nothing there to busy them. The women used to spin and weave, make carpet and soap, but now all that is done for them in the factories. Young men do not make enough money to support their wives, and there is such a craze for dissipation among them that women would rather go into a store for almost nothing than to marry.

All over the state of Ohio, manufacturing companies are announcing by advertisement that on and after Monday their whistles will blow at 6:30 standard time, instead of 7, old time. The election will begin at 6 o'clock standard time, and the polls will close at 6 o'clock standard time. The courts will all run on standard time, and business paper will mature on standard time. Now, therefore, is the time, for ministers, manufacturers, and all others whose schedules in any respect affect the public, to determine what they will do, and acquaint the community with the facts.

Woodrow Wilson thinks that to give Judge Gresham the honor of being the first member of his cabinet, he deprived himself of a great secret of the interior. "Mr. Gresham," says Mr. Woodrow, "brings with him from the interior a minute knowledge of the questions of the interior, the questions of interstate commerce, of railway monopoly on the grand scale, of land grants and agricultural depression, of the enter, not the department which deals with such matters, but the department which looks away from home to the questions affecting the exterior interests of the country."

Very curious are our dear old grand mother editors of Harper's Weekly. They are having a sad and sorrowful time of it, advising Mr. Cleveland how to avoid the rooks which they see in his pathway. Of course they elected him, and now he must not appoint the wicked Democrats to office. That would not do. We must have simon pure civil service reform. But, suggests the sagacious Weekly, it was the independents, late Republicans, who elected Mr. Cleveland, and they must be encouraged. Now, encouragement means office. And here we have Harper's Weekly, at last, begging for office just like the old line politicians. Is not the Weekly satisfied with Gresham?

James B. Morrow is giving Ohio place hunters some valuable information. Here, for instance, is something practical: "If I were a Democrat and looking for a situation I would seek

Wilkins first and Brice afterwards. Wilkins, however, is not recommending many people—only his personal and political friends, the men who used to help him in Ohio. In the list of Ohio congressmen, Harter is the most influential at the White House. In my judgment the recommendation of Lawrence T. Neal wouldn't be worth the paper it is written on. Outhwaite, probably, ranks next to Harter. Johnson may be third in the congressional list, but that is even doubtful."

The national council decided some time ago to introduce an "every day dress," of practical form, at the World's Fair. It was thought that there would be so many foreigners at the fair in national garb that American dress reform could be given practical exposition without attracting the comment which has prevented the success of other experiments along the line. The national committee has recommended three general styles of short dress, each of which is subject to as much variation as the wearer may like. The three types are known as the Syrius suit, the gymnasium dress and the "American costume."

The fellow who speaks by alleged "authority" now has it that the present intention of President Cleveland is to call an extra session of congress about September 1. This information has been given to certain officials of the house of representatives, and preparations are being made for a meeting at that time. Candidates for offices in the next house have received the tip and are hastening with a view to closing their campaign about that time. Members of congress who had expected to be away for several months have been notified that they had better hold themselves in readiness for the first of September. The new members of the next house have also been notified that they had better get their private affairs in shape to undertake their duties three months earlier than they had expected.

LOOKING UP CANAL LAND.

OHIO CANAL COMMISSIONERS' WORK IN MASSILLON.

A Claim Made for Ten Feet of Berme Bank Through the Heart of the City—Engineers Here With Original Maps and Surveys—Work Now in Progress.

As stated Monday, by the authority of the Ohio Canal Commission, a survey of canal lands in this city is now being made, with a view to establishing the claim of the state to certain lands now occupied by sundry persons and companies. They have with them the time stained original documents in the case as a guide, and promise some interesting developments. It took one solid winter to settle the boundary lines in the city of Akron, and the litigation following was very lively. The engineers in charge say that the state claims, exclusive of basins, ten feet of berme bank, fifteen feet of tow path, and not less than forty feet of water surface. As the berme bank of the canal is here occupied by many buildings, especially through the business part of town, it is easy to see where serious points of difference may lie.

In addition to the plats and original surveys, the engineers have with them copies of verbal statements made to the Ohio canal commission by local citizens over 80 years of age, upon the occasion of former visits. These statements all relate to the boundary lines of the canal when it was first finished. It will be many months before the whole subject is effectually cleared.

The state permitted this matter to go by default for many years, but of late has been taking up the canal, one by one, and establishing the lines so that hereafter no errors can be made. In many cases valuable property has been restored to the possession of the state, and in others heirs of original donors have come back to their own.

THE FULTON CREAMERY.
Annual Meeting of the Stockholders Last Night.

CANAL FULTON, March 29.—At a meeting of the stockholders of the creamery company held last night, Dr. A. B. Campbell was elected president; J. P. Yockey, vice president; C. W. Robinson, treasurer; L. W. Bellings, secretary; M. O. Lytle, manager. The foregoing, excepting Mr. Lytle, together with George Stover, and I. M. Wood constitute the board of directors. During the past year the company have been unable to supply the demand for their butter, the high quality of the butter bringing orders daily they were unable to fill. With wheat at 70 cents and the creamery paying an average of ninety five cents a hundred during the whole year it would seem as if farmers around here would increase their dairies to their own advantage and the best farmers are planning to do it the ensuing year. The company is managed by our best business men and if only they could produce milk and cream to run the creamery to its fullest capacity it would pay the stockholders and farmers well.

The fifth lecture in our course will be given by E. T. Nelson on "Left Handed People," at the high school room this evening.

Prof. Focht has secured H. E. H. Emmert to deliver the Baccalaureate address to the graduating class in June.

Dr. A. B. Campbell, E. R. Held, J. P. Yockey and R. F. Myers will attend the Republican banquet at Canton this evening.

It never fails to cure—Manners Double Extract Sarsaparilla.

CHAS. T. HIGGINBOTHAM,

SUDDENLY STRICKEN WITH APOPLEXY
TUESDAY MORNING.

Overtaken by Death while Walking on North Street—The End Came without Warning—The Main Events of an Honorable Career thus cut short.

Charles T. Higginbotham was stricken with apoplexy shortly after nine o'clock Tuesday morning, while walking on North street, directly in front of the residence of D. T. Frank, between Mill and Hill streets. Some lads saw him fall and ran to his assistance. Dr. C. O. Miller happened to be making a call only a few steps below, and reached Mr. Higginbotham before the action of the heat had entirely ceased. He was virtually dead, when he fell upon his face, however, and nothing whatever could be done.

The body was carried to the private office of Dr. Groff, a short distance down the street, and in an incredibly short time the news was generally known, and had reached the various members of Mr. Higginbotham's family. The sad intelligence caused wide spread sorrow, and created the deepest sympathy for the family, subjected to such sudden bereavement. Mr. Higginbotham had been out and about as usual, before his death, this morning, and was in personal charge of a contract being executed in the residence of J. F. Pocock. He was attending to some matter connected with this work when the summons came. After an interval of about an hour the body was conveyed to the home, which he left in the morning apparently a sound and robust man.

Mr. Higginbotham would have been 56 years old had he lived until the 19th of next July. His parents, together with their daughter, etc. their home in Meaford, Ireland and sailed for Quebec, Canada. While leaving the vessel the elder Mr. Higginbotham sustained an injury to his back through the slipping of the gang plank. This accident caused the family to embark on a steamboat for New York, and shortly for their arrival in that city Mr. Higginbotham was born.

A little more than one month later the family moved to Massillon, and as the records of St. Timothy's Episcopal church show, Charles Higginbotham was the first child baptized within the walls of that edifice. Mr. Higginbotham was educated in the Massillon school, and when he had finished his course he obtained employment in the bank and for some of N. Minch, where he remained for several years. He then learned the trade of painting, but laid aside his brushes in 1862 to join Company E, 104th Regiment O. V. I. His war record was most honorable and he figured bravely in a number of important battles and engagements.

When he returned from the war he resumed his trade of painting, and continued in that work up to the time of his death. Besides a wife, three children survive him, namely: Ella, wife of Charles Slusser, now of Buffalo, N. Y.; Robert Higginbotham, of Cleveland, and George Higginbotham, of Massillon. A sister, Mrs. Anna Stevens, of Massillon, and two brothers, Richard and John Higginbotham, of Delphi, Ind., are also living. Mr. Higginbotham was a member of the Grand Army of the Republic and of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows. The fact that his associates placed implicit confidence in his honesty and judgment is evident from the fact that he was, at the time of his death, the financial secretary of the two branches of that order, Eureka Branch, Massillon, and Sippo Lodge, and also held the same position in the Daughters of Rebekah, a lodge auxiliary to the Odd Fellows.

Mr. Higginbotham was one of those men, the very quietness of whose demeanor attracted friends and the suddenness of his death was received with a feeling as sad as it was surprising. Especially among the members of the organizations to which he belonged does this sentiment exist, and by them his loss is keenly felt.

The funeral will be held from the house at 2 o'clock on Thursday afternoon.

MRS. MADISON'S WILL.

IT IS FILED IN THE PROBATE COURT
THIS MORNING.

The Disposition of an Estate Valued at About \$75,000—All the Relatives Remembered—The Bulk Goes to her Sisters and Their Heirs.

The will of the late Mrs. Mary Ann Madison was filed for probate in Canton Monday. The document is not a lengthy one and Carrell B. Allan, of Massillon, is named as executor and given full power to convert into money all real and personal property except as specifically bequeathed.

To Mrs. Catharine Clay the sum of \$2,000 is given; to Mrs. Louisa Spalding, \$500; to Miss Anna A. Stotler, \$1,000 and certain named household goods and furniture, and to Mrs. Jane Feebler, \$600 and a fifty foot front lot on the south side of West Cherry street between Clay street and the Tuscarawas river. Provision in the sum of \$100 is also made for the future care by the Massillon Cemetery Association of the Dr. Huet and Noah Madison lots in the cemetery.

The remainder of the estate is bequeathed as follows: One third to Mrs. Sarah Keith, of Minerva, sister of the testator; one third to the children and heirs of her deceased brother, Joseph Huet, and one third to the children of her deceased sister, Mrs. Ellen Burget. The exact value of the estate cannot be determined until after the appraisal, but it will amount to something like \$70,000 or \$75,000.

There is no reason why children should be allowed to suffer from loathsome scrofulous sores and glandular swellings when such a pleasant, effective and economical medicine as Ayer's Sarsaparilla may be procured of the nearest druggist. Be sure you get Ayer's.

See the elegant easter ties a Spangler & Co's.

THE YOUNGSTERS ON A STRIKE.

Demande Upon Reed & Co. of Their Carrying Boys.

The carrying in boys at Reed & Co.'s glass works are ag in a strike. When the night shift went to work Monday night the boys of both factories demanded an increase of their wages. This was refused by the company and a strike ensued which compelled the works to close down.

The boys are now receiving 50 cents per day, and besides demanding an increase of 10 cents per day they want the night foreman, Harry Waite, discharged, and claim they will not return to work until their demand is satisfied. They assert that Waite has not treated them properly, and refuse to obey his orders.

Just one year ago the entire carrying-in force of both factories struck for the same increase in wages, but went back to work after two days' squabble without accomplishing anything.

The boys, about 80 in number, are determined, so they say, and state that they will absolutely not go back at the old price. The firm is now advertising for other boys.

Mr. David Reed made the following statement in regard to the strike this afternoon:

"We positively refuse to advance the boys' wages one cent. The company is now paying all it can and as much as any other factory in the state. If the boys do not want to go back at their old wages they can stay out and we will do the best we can without a force of boys. Many of the strikers are willing to work at the old rate but are ruled by several older ones who are continually causing trouble. As to discharging Mr. Waite, the night foreman, we will not do that on any consideration. He is competent and faithful."

A BUSY COUNCIL SESSION.

CONTRACT FOR PAVING PROSPECT STREET AWARDED.

Building Permits will soon have to be Taken Out by Contractors—The City Clerk's Salary Raised—The Fire Chief to get Additional Pay Also.

Mr. Shoemaker, who is absent from the city, was the only member not present at the city council meeting on Monday night. President Protem, Young occupied the chair.

The street commissioner's report for two weeks ending March 25, amounting to \$154.20, was read and accepted.

A CONTRACT LET.

The report of the opening of the bids for the paving of Prospect street, as published in last Thursday's INDEPENDENT, was made by the clerk. As the bid of Anthony Clements was unsigned and one bid of George W. Lemmon & Co. for \$1.00 did not specify the kind of brick to be used, they were ruled as irregular, and on motion of Mr. Hering, Messrs. Lammon & Co. were awarded the contract at the price of \$1.16 per square yard, with the condition imposed that Massillon Stone & Fire Brick Company's brick be used.

ORDINANCES.

An ordinance was introduced authorizing the purchase of Lot No. 41 at the corner of Charles and W. Lehigh streets, for use as an engine house site, the price to be \$4,000, payable as follows: One thousand dollars on April 1, 1933, and the balance in three annual payments by notes bearing six per cent interest. On motion the rules were suspended and the ordinance adopted and passed unanimously.

An ordinance raising the city clerk's salary from \$300 to \$500 was introduced and then read the second and third times by its title only and passed, Mr. Cameron voting no to the two latter motions.

IT WAS ANOTHER PERRY.

A False Report Concerning a Massillon Man.

It was currently reported on the streets yesterday that John Perry, a well known employe of the Massillon Rolling Mill, had committed suicide by hanging himself with a silk handkerchief, at his home in Cherry street, early this morning.

It is needless to say that Mr. Perry was rather startled and surprised when he heard the news of his tragic death from one of his fellow workmen, and he naturally insists that he is still in the land of the living, and further more that he intends staying here as long as the Lord will permit him to.

The rumor probably arose from a dispatch sent out from New Philadelphia containing the news of the suicide of a man in that place whose name is Perry and who worked in a rolling mill there.

The Striking Carrying-In Boys.

The boy strikers at Reed & Co.'s glass works are still out and as yet have done nothing towards their cause. Mr. Reed stated this afternoon that if the boys did not conclude to return to work soon, the factory would be closed down for the rest of the season.

"Of course we have many orders which should be filled," said he, "but they will have to be carried over until next year."

The Machinery is Coming.

Two cars of machinery for the W. G. Paul fire brick works, which are located near Washington, arrived this morning in this city, via the O. & W. road. This is the new plant, fully described in a recent issue, in which Valentine Fries, the Huron county millionaire, is largely interested.

The only Double Extract Sarsaparilla is Manners. It's the best because it cures. Take no other. 50 cts.

THE CANTON CONSTABLE

HE RETIRES IN DISGUST FROM BUCHER'S OPERA HOUSE.

Manager Haverstack Furnishes a Practical Demonstration of the Indisputable Fact That Possession is Nine Points of the Law—The Alleged Forfeiture Claim.

When Manager Haverstack pushed his way through the elbowing crowd that hung around Bucher's opera house, where the Forrester Dramatic Company is playing, Monday night, and into the box office where Treasurer Lippe officiates as lightning calculator, he found there an unwelcome guest in the person of a Canton constable. The constable was armed with an attach ment up, the receipts, and proposed to secure the same, to satisfy a claim of \$100.60, alleged to be due one Bonnie Myers for wages. Mr. Haverstack is a meeting of a financier himself, and in order to adjust the matter on the most equitable and expeditious basis, put the cash in his pocket and explained to the constable that possession was nine points of the law. As this was the proposition that the constable had expected to demonstrate himself, he became considerably exercised and was disposed to dispute the legality of the process. The burden of the argument rested with the genial impresario, however, and the constable withdrew from the field. As Mr. Haverstack rents the house to the Forrester company he claims the first receipts to satisfy his charge, and his contentions have been sustained by his advisers.

According to Manager Forrester, the claim is trumped up for the purpose of annoying him as much as anything, and is without any foundation in justice. Mr. Forrester states that Bonnie Myers and her husband, J. H. Thorne, joined his company at Lakeview, Mich., on Jan. 23. At the same time one C. T. Stevenson joined him. The fair Bonnie and Mr. Stevenson were found incompetent, and were given the usual two weeks' notice that night. After two weeks he retained this couple, not having succeeded in obtaining acceptable substitutes. On Feb. 23 Mr. Thorne left the company on account of his health, and his wife and Mr. Stevenson made any amount of trouble for him in many respects. March 23, at Ravenna, these two severed their relations with the company. Nothing was due Stevenson, and Bonnie Myers had coming \$23. This Mr. Forrester offered in return for a receipted bill to date. This she refused to give because Mr. Forrester had deducted from her account the cost of the board of her young son. Mr. Forrester claimed that there was no obligation on his part to board the boy, and if he went along, she must pay his way. On the play was well rendered by John talent, or as is known the Dalton Dramatic Company. The receipts were over \$52. In the near future it is expected that another play will be given.

The school here will close the winter term this week. There will be only one week's vacation and the spring term will commence.

The funeral of Mrs. Simeon Lilley took place to day (Wednesday) from the Pleasant Valley church. Mrs. Lilley was in her 88th year.

Newsman.

Joseph Fowls is kept busy trimming fruit trees and grape vines.

The Hon. Wm. Putt, of Canal Fulton, has received his notice to serve as juror in the United States District court at Cleveland on April 4th.

Mr. Wm. Smith, of West Brookfield, and Miss Emma James, of Massillon, closed a very successful term of school in this district last Friday. The two week's vacation will be utilized by the boys in fishing.

T. O. Miller, G. W. Richards and T. Jefferson Morgan attended the K. of P. banquet at Wooster on Tuesday evening of last week and they report a good time.

Alexander Miller, Sr., who has been on the Petit jury at Canton during this term of court, has caught a severe cold that causes him to suffer badly from asthma.

The Rev. Mr. Hurlbert continues his revival meetings in the Baptist church drawing large audiences every evening. Forty-one converts are reported as the results of his work. This village was never so stirred up in religious matters as at present, everybody thinks.

The miner's convention for this sub-district No. 3, held at Canal Fulton on Saturday of last week, was largely attended. The McBride-Rachford controversy was acted upon and it is reported as the first blood for Rachford as the delegates elected to the convention next month are favorable to him. The lines are being drawn on both sides to the best advantage possible for the final settlement at the convention.

MRS. OZIER DEAD

Sorrowful Tidings Received From Pittsburgh.

The startling intelligence was received this morning of the death at Pittsburgh last evening of Mrs. May Ozier, after an illness of only three days. The body was taken to the former home of Mrs. Ozier, in the northeastern part of Wisconsin, to be passing through this city over the P. & W. & C. road at noon.

Mrs. Ozier was the wife of Charles Ozier, who came to the city last year and for several months conducted a route ticket office at the Sailer Hotel, removing later to the Conrad. Personally very attractive, Mrs. Ozier possessed a charm of manner which won to her many friends among her associates at the hotels and other Massillon people, and the news was received here with sorrow and regret.

NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of The Independent Company will be held Thursday evening, April 24, at 7:30 o'clock, in the Rahney-Spalding Co.'s store, No. 20 East Main street, second floor.

S. A. CONRAD, President.
ROBERT P. SKINNER, Secretary.

"For a long time I suffered with stomach and liver troubles, and could find no relief until I began to use Ayer's Pills. I took them regularly for a few months, and my health was completely restored."—D. W. Baine, New Bern, N. C.

THE INDEPENDENT SETS THE PACE.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

DALTON DOINGS.

Interesting News From a Town Full of Business.

Mr. B. B. Baughman, of Norwalk, was in our city on Monday on business.

The board of education have purchased some additional ground for school purposes of W. H. H. Wertz, for \$192.

The aspirants for the postoffice are quietly waiting for the turn of the wheel, and those who will be the lucky one.

The Schultz Wagon Co. can hardly keep up with their orders for wagons etc. Trade has been good, and the work gives such good satisfaction to the trade.

Miss Rose Lind, of Navarre, was the guest of Miss Callie Jaba on Sabbath, returning home again on Monday.

Carla are out announcing the marriage on Thursday evening of Prof. W. McGlenen, of Creston, and Miss Jennie Loveland Baughman, of this place.

Last week while men were at work tearing down the old flouring mill building, formerly owned by John Goudy and situated about three miles from this place, they found some stone boxings which the shavings were in this mill, it is claimed, is about 150 years old, and this kind of bearing is quite a relic. It is made of what is called granite nigger headstone. This should be sent to the world's fair.

There was a lawsuit set for trial on Tuesday night before A. C. Schuch. The plaintiff was H. M. Rudy, who wanted to eject his father-in-law off his farm which Mr. Rudy purchased some time ago. The case was settled by the defendant, Mr. Hoover, agreeing not to farm any, and the case was settled sine die.

F. E. Horbach, of the west end, is confined to his home with diphtheria.

The drama, "Soldier of Fortune," which was given on last Saturday night under the auspices of the J. O. U. A. M., for the benefit of the Eleventh Regiment band, was a grand success.

The school hall was packed full and the play was well rendered by home talent, or as is known the Dalton Dramatic Company. The receipts were over \$52. In the near future it is expected that another play will be given.

The school here will close the winter term this week. There will be only one week's vacation and the spring term will commence.

The funeral of Mrs. Simeon Lilley took place to day (Wednesday) from the Pleasant Valley church. Mrs. Lilley was in her 88th year.

CHIEF SARGENT DISCHARGED.

He Was Not Under the Jurisdiction of Judge Rick's Court.

TOLEDO, March 28.—In the United States circuit court the injunction case in which Chief Arthur of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and Grand Master Sargent of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen were sued for \$300,000 damages for conspiring against the Ann Arbor railroad, Grand Master Sargent was discharged on the grounds that the court had no jurisdiction over him, he being a resident of Indiana, and the interstate commerce law providing that a person shall not be sued unless he is a resident of the district where the suit is brought.

The case of Chief Arthur proceeded, the railroad company producing testimony to prove that Chief Arthur ordered the boycott.

No Appeal for Elliott.

COLUMBUS, O., March 29.—The supreme court refused to grant a new trial to Frank Van Loan, the Putnam county murderer, and fixed July 7 as the date of his execution. Judge Burket dissents. The court also refused Patrick J. Elliott, serving a 20-years sentence for murdering A. C. Osborn, in this county, permission to file a petition in error.

Bogus! Bogus white lead would have no sale did it not afford makers a larger profit than Strictly Pure White Lead.

The wise man is never persuaded to buy paint that is said to be "just as good" or "better" than

Strictly Pure White Lead

The market is flooded with spurious white leads. The following analyses, made by eminent chemists, of two of these misleading brands show the exact proportion of genuine white lead they contain:

Misleading Brand	Proportions	Analyzed by
"Standard Lead Co., Strictly Pure White Lead, St. Louis."	Materials 4.18 per cent. Analyzed by Raynes 39.95 per cent. Regis & Co. 39.95 per cent. 39.95 per cent.	St. Louis.
Less than 7 per cent. white lead.		

Misleading Brand	Proportions	Analyzed by
"Pacific Warranted Pure (A) White Lead."	Materials 4.18 per cent. Analyzed by Raynes 39.95 per cent. Regis & Co. 39.95 per cent. 39.95 per cent.	New York.
Less than 7 per cent. white lead.		

You can avoid bogus lead by purchasing any of the following brands. They are manufactured by the "Old Dutch" process, and are the standards:

"Armstrong & McKelvy"

"Beymer-Bauman" "Fahnestock"

"Davis-Chambers"

For sale by the most reliable dealers in paint everywhere.

If you are going to paint, it will pay you to select to use for being certain of information that may save you many a dollar; it will save you a postal card to do so.

NATIONAL LEAD CO.,

1 Broadway, New York.

Pittsburgh Branch, National Lead and Oil Co. of Pennsylvania, Pittsburgh, Pa.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

Discovered this Week by Independent Investigators.

Harry Haring has come down from Hudson to spend Easter.

Misses Lulu and Minnie Ketterer have returned from Akron.

J. P. Bailey, of Pittsburgh, the architect of the new First M. E. church, is in town today.

Frank Lohr received word to-day of the serious illness of his mother at her home in Newark.

Miss Caroline Raser and Mrs. C. M. Hardgrove have moved into their new Cedar street home.

O. W. Shipman, of Detroit, has been appointed general contracting agent of the W. & L. E. road.

Misses Sadie and Viola Kerstetter attended the Epworth League convention at Canton this week.

Mrs. Alice Camp Welby is visiting with her people, Mr. Daniel Camp's, near the Massillon Plains.

John Keller, who is attending St. Vincent's college at Cleveland, came home yesterday for a brief vacation.

One of the O. L. & W. yard engines has been ordered to Lorain and the remaining locomotive will work night and day.

Mrs. Lydia Childs and daughter, Mrs. Charles Childs, of Lima Center, Wis., are visiting at the home of Mrs. Moses Brownberger.

Miss Sue Fulton, of Wheeling, W. Va., returned home to-day after spending a month with the Misses Harriet and Grace Miller, in South Erie street.

The tickets given to the ladies at the opera house last night will admit a lady free to a reserved seat tonight. They are not good for any other performance.

Jacob Frick, of Wooster, a brother of Henry Clay Frick, chairman of the Carnegie company, and one of Wooster's foremost citizens, is in town this afternoon.

Mrs. John Larkins and children are visiting Newman friends. Mr. Larkins left for Pittsburgh to day, where he has accepted a position with the Pittsburgh Gas Company.

President Blood and other officials of the Cleveland & Canton railroad inspected the Massillon railroad, a branch into the Massillon coal district, yesterday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Graybill and children will leave for Kent tomorrow, where Mr. Graybill is an employee, as assistant switchman in the Nokol Plate yards at that city.

Misses Lizzie Landon and Ella Wagner will attend an entertainment to be given by the Chautauque society of the Canton M. E. church this evening. Miss Landon and Mrs. J. A. Taggart will render a vocal duet.

About twenty colored people of this city attended a ball given at Werner's hall, in Canton, last night, by Mr. and Mrs. John Henson, in honor of their tenth wedding anniversary. During intermission a delicious luncheon was served and the evening was wholly an enjoyable one.

Special preparations are being made for the Easter praise services at the Presbyterian church. The double quartette choir will be assisted by Mr. and Mrs. John E. Johns, Miss Bertha Taggart, Messrs. Thomas Brown and James Killen, and Violinist Henry Baer will also assist Organist Frank Chidester.

Company D, Eighth Regiment O. N. G., of Wooster, have issued invitations for a military concert and ball to be given in the Wooster armory on Thursday evening, April 6. The military inspection will be conducted by State Adjutant General Howe, and Company D will give a short exhibition drill.

The election on Monday will be conducted on standard time. The information is official, and the public is authorized by the Stark county deputy state supervisors. This will have the effect of opening the polls half an hour earlier in the morning, and closing them half an hour later in the evening.

Ben F. Bowman died at his country home two miles northwest of the city, at two o'clock this afternoon. Short services at the house at 3 p. m. tomorrow, after which the remains will be taken to Ottawa, Illinois for burial. Mr. Bowman was about 45 years of age, and was a nephew of Samuel O. Bowman, of this city. His mother died just two months ago.

The Forrester Dramatic Company is doing a lively business at Bucher's, and seems to be thoroughly pleasing the audiences to which it is playing at popular prices. Two specialty people from Chicago joined the company here yesterday, and will go on tonight. This evening's bill is "Punchon, the Cricketer."

The Young Married People's Euchre Club was entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Hemperly at their Wellman street home last night. After twenty-three games had been played the usual luncheon was enjoyed, and then the winners were announced. Mrs. Howard and Garrison were given two silver dinner cups and saucers, and Mr. Jas. Bayliss a handsome soap box.

A circular issued under date of April 1, and signed by W. R. Woodford, the new general manager of the Cleveland, Lorain & Wheeling, announces that Mr. George B. Turner, commercial agent of that road at Wheeling, having resigned, Mr. A. P. Oxtoby has been appointed to succeed him, with the title of general agent, and with jurisdiction extending throughout the Ohio river territory.

It is thought the monster Krupp gun will pass Massillon this week, on the Fort Wayne, for the world's fair at Chicago. Twenty-two cars of material have already been forwarded to Chicago. Two special trains will be needed to transfer the exhibit. The big gun, weighing 250 tons and the largest in the world, will be carried on the first train, which will consist of five empty cars ahead of the gun, and four empties on the rear. The gun will be loaded on a flat car, and the empties will be used to balance the train. The

second train will be made up of three empty gondolas, two cars of armor plate, three e pies, then a flat car bearing a 60 ton gun, next three more empties. The armor plate is ten feet, seven inches wide.

CANTON AND COURT HOUSE.

Commencing on April 1, the time of the court house clock will be changed from sun to standard time, which is thirty-four minutes slower than the former. The Canton-Massillon electric railway company will not adopt the standard time system. A Western Union electrical setting and winding clock has been placed in their office at Canton, and the conductors and motormen will carry this time and manipulate the cars accordingly. The Western Union electrical clocks are set from Washington, D. C., every day at 11 o'clock, and the time is four minutes slower than city and thirty and one-half minutes faster than standard time.

W. E. Sefton received a dispatch this morning from Congressman S. A. Northway, of Warren, stating that on account of the serious illness of his daughter he would be unable to attend the Republican banquet this evening.

J. J. Santry, of Canton, has made arrangements with the Canton and Massillon street railway company, and on the night of the presentation of "Robert Emmet" by Canton and Massillon talent at the Grand, for the benefit of the Louisville orphan's home, April 11, the cars will not leave Canton until midnight. The price of admission for Massillon parties will be 50 cents, including car fare. Efforts are being made to secure some of Massillon's best talent, and no doubt there will be a large attendance from this city.

Christina Welshenbaugh, of Massillon, has sued her husband John for a divorce. The petition was filed Monday by R. W. McCaughey, and it claims that the husband is neglectful and abusive. The wife says John choked her and tried to throw her out of a second story window and in other ways behaved most shamefully. She wants a divorce, alimony, custody of their children, and she further asks the court to enjoin her husband from disposing of his property until she gets her rights.

Marriage licenses have been granted to James M. Walker and Ostie C. E. Taylor, of Alliance; O. S. Kagaris and Ella Kespogic, of Marlboro; James Harvey Arthur and Annie Edmunds, of Pigeon Run; Henry Zinniger and Lizzie Horn, of Maximo.

The hearing of the pure food case of Bechel, Dumoulin & Co., against the state, before Judge McCarthy on appeal, was concluded Monday evening. The judge reserved his opinion until he can review the papers and records of the case.

Marriage licenses have been granted to L. R. Hamlin and Sadie May Wittle, of Massillon; Frank Heckathorn and Lizzie Sherer, of Massillon; Arriion J. Porter and Maggie Barger, of Alliance; Haron Hoffman and Mary Grass, of Louisville.

Sheriff Kridler's injured limb, though very painful, does not prevent him from getting about and attending to business.

The wills of Henry Robinson, of Canton, and Mary Ann Madison, of Massillon, were filed in the probate office to-day.

Elias Christman has been appointed guardian of the heirs of Elizabeth Christman, of Canton.

A marriage license has been granted to Fordyce M. Shipley and Mary Smith, of Massillon.

Louis Ruch has been appointed guardian of Charles E. Cannon, of Canal Fulton.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Lawrence township, Benjamin Edwards to John Rummings, ten acres of land, \$1,100.

Massillon, second ward, Sylvester Burd to W. H. Rose, lot No. 1,564, \$300.

W. R. and May Day to John S. Mock, lots No. 2,021, 2,022, 2,023, \$350.

Massillon, 2nd ward—Philip Sonnenhalter to Anna Kennedy, lot No. 552, \$300.

Henrietta Hassler to Algie P. Hanna, lot No. 1090, \$500.

Lawrence township—David Gilcher to J. F. Kneble, lot No. 6, \$400.

Charles A. Simmonds to Mordicia Edwards, lot No. 2, \$560.

Massillon, first ward, A. P. Conlon to David Lake, lots No. 950 and 951, \$4,700.

Massillon, second ward, W. W. Hazard to John H. Martin, lots No. 663, 664, 665, \$350 each.

The Rev. Arnold H. Redding.

A young man, just turned 24—the Rev. Arnold H. Redding, of Holy Trinity, Harlem, N. Y., occupied the pulpit at Grace Chapel, yesterday morning and evening, and by his superb reading of the service, and well delivered and ably prepared sermon, fairly astonished both congregations. The morning sermon hinged upon the idea of having absolute faith in one's self and belief in one's destiny—the gospel of doing, as distinguished from the gospel of trying to do. Mr. Redding has a natural gift in his sound, full voice, and this together with his accomplishments as a scholar, give promise of a brilliant future.

A Card of Thank.

We, the residents of Lombardie, wish to express our heartfelt gratitude to the city council for having located a fire alarm box at the corner of Short East and North Mill streets in response to our fervent appeals. Of course we would like to have a hose-house, better sidewalks and a few other trifles but we are grateful for the box just the same.

THANKFUL LOMBARDIETTES.

AT LUTZ'S CHINA STORE.

At Lutz's China store I have just received a large line of dinner sets, chamber sets, &c., for the spring trade. Prices are low, stock is large and complete. Call soon No. 11 East Main street.

THE LINE TO NAVARRE.

CONSENTS BEING SOUGHT BY THE CANTON-MASSILLON PEOPLE.

Mr. Killinger Explains What is Being done in the Matter—Judge Young Talks About the Local Syndicate and Its Labors for a Franchise to Navarre.

The Canton-Massillon Electric Railway Company is in the field, actively engaged in securing consents for the extension of its line to Navarre, and prepared to build and operate the same this season. So much upon the authority of General Agent Killinger.

"We have at no time had any other expectation than to ultimately build to Navarre," said he this morning, "and we are now obtaining the consents from property owners upon which to base an application to the council. We had understood that consents had already been signed in favor of others, to such an extent as to render useless any effort on our part to go beyond the asylum. When there seemed to be a desire that we should carry out our plans more expeditiously than was our intention, we prepared proper papers, and found that while perhaps a majority of the frontage had been signed away, a majority of the individual property owners were still free and others who had signed had done so with a proviso that they might sign our paper also, should it be presented."

This means that whatever has been said on the subject in the past, the Canton-Massillon people will make an earnest effort to build the Navarre line, if not prohibited by consents in writing, already given to the Massillon gentlemen.

JUDGE YOUNG TALKS.

Judge Young, of the Massillon street railway syndicate, asked what progress was being made towards securing a Navarre franchise said that he believed the Navarre council would grant him and his associates, Messrs. Humberger, Steese and Warwick, the right of way for which they had made application.

"Furthermore" continued he, "I believe the two lines of Navarre will be found back of the Massillon company. Our company is in the field in good faith, and we will support the public. If the Canton-Massillon company has decided to extend to Navarre, it must have been very recently determined upon, since it was but a few days ago that Mr. Lynch said, in an interview in your paper, that his company was not in competition with our to secure a franchise to Navarre. In fact he so stated before we entered upon this enterprise, and of course we take him at his word."

The circumstance that the present company applied only for a franchise to the asylum was not to prove that they did not intend to build their line to Navarre, and if such a line were granted it would effectually block the building of any road to Navarre until such time as Mr. Lynch and his associates might deem advisable. This the Massillon council never would permit, for it would be against the interests of the citizens of Massillon. Mr. Lynch and his associates have discovered this, for the council told him informally that the line must go to Navarre or not at all—that they would not grant a right of way by piecemeal."

THE NAVARRE RAILWAY.

Very Latest News From the Seat of Legislation.

NAVARRE, O., March 29.—The village council will hold a special meeting this evening. The petition of Messrs. Humberger, Steese, Warwick and Young, which has been legally published in THE INDEPENDENT, will at that time be acted upon, and a street railway ordinance will no doubt be passed before the city dads retire from the council chamber. The council chamber lobby will no doubt be well filled with interested and anxious spectators.

Councilman Loud, who is a resident of Center street, is circulating a petition among property owners on that street, asking the council to include Center street in the franchise, which they will grant to either street railway company. The consents of nearly all of the Center street property owners, as well as all of the business men on West Navarre square, have been secured. Whilst Councilman Loud is anxious to see the line extended to West Navarre, over Center street, Councilman Foster also joins him for the extension—but not over Center street, but he would have it go up Canal street, the street he resides on.

Councilman Pocock, whose place of business is on Canal street also, is just as anxious that no street railway be constructed upon that street. So it goes, and "to be or not to be" is the important question with which the local lawmakers will wrestle tomorrow evening.

The Navarre postoffice has received a supply of the new O. J. stamp envelopes. They are highly complimented by all who have seen them.

The M. E. Sunday school gave a maple sugar social in the vacant store room in the Bowers block on Saturday evening.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the U. B. church will give an Easter supper at the home of Rev. W. O. Siffert on Friday evening. Everybody is cordially invited. They will begin to serve supper at 5:30 o'clock. A lot of rag carpets and other articles which the society has made will be disposed of at that time. The price of supper is only 20 cents.

Easter Sunday will be appropriately observed by the U. B. Sunday school on Easter morning.

A Stroke of Paralysis.

Immediately after arising on Sunday morning Mrs. John Fields, of Wellman street, suffered a partial stroke of paralysis, the left side being affected together with the organs of speech.

Mrs. Fields is somewhat better to-day, and the attending physician believes that she will ultimately recover. Over a year ago she experienced trouble of the same sort.

If you want to get cured take Manners Double Extract Sarsaparilla. It's the best. Try it. 50 cents.

A Released Convict's Charges.

WHEELING, March 29.—Frank Adams, who has just been released from the West Virginia penitentiary, where, during a five years' sentence, he acted as librarian, tells a startling story of brutality practiced by the officers of the prison. Adams backs up his assertions with documentary evidence, which he managed to smuggle from the penitentiary, and which is convincing. Among his charges against the prison officials are those of inhuman punishment, bucking and gagging of both men and women. Adams says he has seen prisoners' mouths split open at the corners by the stick which is tied in their mouth as a gag. The state, Adams said, provided a place to be used as a hospital. This was over the diningroom. The superintendent and his family and friends from outside converted this into a skating rink, and there has been no hospital.

Ives Has the Road.

New York, March 29.—The management of the Cleveland, Akron and Columbus road has been formally turned over to Henry S. Ives and the financial backer of his schemes, Banker Mills W. Barse of Buffalo. The following officers were elected: President, George W. Saul; vice president and general manager, W. M. Sullivan; secretary, George W. Saul; M. W. Barse, N. Monsorras, E. A. Barnaby and J. A. Horney. The road is to be added to the system which Ives and Barse are building up with the Ohio Southern railroad as the beginning.

Pennsylvania Farmers in Luck.

FREEDOM, Pa., March 29.—Much excitement is reported as existing among the farmers of New Sewickley and Pottsville townships, east of this place, over the discovery of a 6-foot vein of what many of them believe to be gold. The vein was struck in Pulaski township, near the dividing line, by Paul Mahoney, a well-known oil operator, who is a member of the Oak Grove Oil and Gas company, which is putting down a well on the major's farm. It was found at a depth of 147 feet.

A Pennsylvania Farmer's Claim.

PITTSBURGH, March 29.—Christian Schwartz, a farmer from West Virginia, is one of the latest claimants to a share in the economic society property, in the case of the direction of affairs by Trustee Duns. He is 70 years of age and his father and mother were, with Father Rapp, among the original founders of the society. Schwartz left the society at 25 years of age and settled on a farm near Charleston.

A Noted Criminal Dead.

New York, March 29.—Stephen Broadwell, the most skillful check-raiser at large in the country, known under the aliases of "Hunt" and "H. C. Hunt," the "man with the cough" throughout the west, who was arrested in this city last month after a year's hot chase, and has been living ill with consumption, is dead. He hadn't even enough for a decent burial.

An Irish Patriot Gone.

New York, March 29.—Colonel Joseph P. O'Flynn, 54 years old, an Irish patriot and one of the most active and prominent members of the Clan-na-gael, is dead at his residence in this city. Colonel O'Flynn led a Fenian regiment from Philadelphia on a raid on Canada under General O'Neill, and was active in every Irish movement.

Bank Robbers Caught.

DASHBURGH, Conn., March 29.—Burglars broke into the savings bank at Pawling, N. Y., and burst open the safe and secured \$500 in money and \$10,000 in government bonds. John Walter and Henry Carey were captured with the money and bonds on them.

Scientific Men Predict Cyclones.

PARIS, March 29.—The eminent scientific man, M. Mouton, is in complete accord with M. Marey's prediction of a succession of cyclones around the Gulf of Mexico during the summer months, owing to the moon's exceptional proximity to the earth.

A Wealthy Man Murdered.

OMAHA, March 29.—Peter W. Person, a wealthy lawyer of South Omaha, was found dead in bed with his skull fractured. Dick Gifford has been arrested as a suspicion.

A Kentucky Postoffice Annihilated.

CINCINNATI, March 29.—Postoffice Inspector Beards has received word that the postoffice building at Rowland, Ky., was annihilated during last week's cyclone. Not a stick of timber, letter or envelope can be found.

Cincinnati's Poolroom War.

CINCINNATI, March 29.—The police again raided Kamp's poolroom and they will now be taken into court on the charge of contempt for disobeying an injunction.

Mrs. Brice's Gift.

OXFORD, O., March 27.—The memorial window bearing the picture of a sweet girl graduate, which was donated by Mrs. Calvin S. Brice at a cost of \$1 to the Western Female seminary, will be sent to the World's fair.

A Life Partnership.

YOUNGSTOWN, O., March 29.—Arthur M. Hilty and Anna M. Shagle, a young couple from Apollo, Pa., came here, secured a license and were married by Justice Williams.

A Woman Found Dead.

YOUNGSTOWN, O., March 29.—Mrs. John Price, wife of a millworker at Hubbard, was found dead in a barn with the live stock tramping over the remains.

Dead in Texas.

CADIZ, O., March 29.—Augustus Porter, a wealthy and respected citizen of this place, is dead at Corpus Christi, Tex.

A Cleveland Man's Death.

AUGUSTA, Ga., March 29.—John L. Wood, millionaire lumber merchant and philanthropist of Cleveland, died at the Hotel Bon Air.

A New Aluminum Company.

MARTIN'S FERRY, O., March 29.—Joseph B. Hall has patented a new method for refining aluminum and will organize a company to operate under it.

His Reading.

She (quite literary)—Have you read "The Well Dressed Woman?" He—Which one? There are four or five I have been trying to read without much success.—Detroit Free Press.

MR. MCUE'S EMERALD.

His Daughter's Remarkable Jewel and Its History.

Everybody around here knows Tom McCue, of Akron. Until recently Mr. McCue has worn a large emerald in his necktie. The stone has a history, and one of the papers tells it:

In 1895 Mr. McCue was in California, where his interests were centered in mining property. His business associate was a Hebrew. Shortly before the two decided to dissolve partnership the Hebrew offered him a fine large emerald for \$500. A few days later Mr. McCue decided to purchase the jewel and paid the price.

The partner had, however, in the meantime secured a piece of green glass in shape and color the same as the emerald.

After the stone was purchased the owner realized that he had been victimized and without letting it be known that he was aware of the swindle prepared a clever game of his own. He went to the leading San Francisco jeweler and purchased an emerald for \$600, resembling the glass.

After the business separation the partner told a friend of the way he had worked McCue and offered to back him on a wager. The friend was to bet McCue that the stone he wore was not genuine.

The supposed victim was awaiting just such a chance, and had been expecting it. The wager was \$500 that the stone was not a genuine emerald. McCue accepted the bet, and laid it so that before betting was finished \$1,700 and a \$100 supper were at stake. The best San Francisco jeweler, the one from whom McCue had purchased the stone, was to decide it.

The former partner was notified, and in company with his "agent," and the supposed victim, went to the jeweler's. McCue called the jeweler and asked whether or not the stone was genuine. "Why, my dear sir," said the jeweler, "do you suppose I would sell you a piece of glass for \$600? Of course it is real. I should have told you differently when I sold it to you."

McCue then told his ex-partner just how it was. The \$1,700 and the supper part were paid for by the Hebrew. The emerald with a history was worn continually from that time until last Christmas, when McCue's daughter was presented with it as a Christmas gift.

FIRE! FIRE!

Wait! Wait! Until Saturday, April 1st. Now Is Your Chance! Don't Miss It!

Car load of clothing being shipped from New York for sale to Massillon, O. A large fire in a New York wholesale clothing house has damaged their entire stock of the tailor made clothing by smoke and water, for men's, boys' and children's wear, consisting mostly of men's fine suits, silk and satin lined, amounting to \$15,000. The insurance companies have taken charge of the stock and disposed of \$5,500 worth to clothing dealers and \$6,500 has been shipped to Massillon to be sold at one-third of manufacturers' value, at retail. The entire three story building, at No. 13 East Main street, formerly occupied by Snicker's drug store, Massillon, O., has been closed for eight days only. Sale commencing Saturday, April 1st, at 10 o'clock a. m., ending Saturday, April 8, at 10 o'clock p. m., when this great sale will positively close.

NOTE A FEW PRICES:

Men's Fine Cassimere Suits worth \$12 only \$3.63. Men's Worsteds Suits, all shades and colors, in frocks and socks worth \$14.75, only \$5.40. Men's Fine Suits in Tweeds, Homespuns and chevrons, worth \$15.25, only \$7.25. Men's Fine Dress Suits, in English, Wales and Tricots, silk and satin lined, worth \$23.50, only \$8.25. Men's Pure Wool and Silk Mixed Suits, worth \$27.50, only \$9.99. Men's Finest Dress Suits in Imported Clay Worsteds and West of England Broad cloth in Prince Alberts and unwaives, silk and satin lined, bound and unbound worth \$32.00 only \$13.75. Men's Fine Cassimere, boys' suits, at 85 cents and upwards. Also Gent's furnishing goods. Other articles which were badly damaged were the slaughtered at any price. And thousands of other styles and qualities too numerous to mention. Two thousand and tailor made Overcoats in Melton Kersey, Chinchillas, Irish Friezes, cassimeres, Bevers and Worsteds, silk and satin lined and made in the newest and nobbiest styles, at \$1.95 and upwards. These goods were slightly damaged by water. Strictly one price. Give hundred pairs of pants. Three hundred suits, slightly wet, will be slaughtered at any price. This sale will positively close Saturday, April 8th, 1893. Look for the sign of the Red Flag, New York Fire Insurance Sale, room No. 13, East Main street. Bring this with you. Make no mistake and look for our sign. I. Morton, Manager of the Insurance company, 111 E. Erie St. Merchants will find it to their interest to attend this Great Fire Insurance Sale, as the goods will be sold at one-third of manufacturer's cost. Positively no one allowed in the building until 10 a. m. Wholesale to merchants, Tuesday and Wednesday, from 2 to 4 p. m.

The Navarre Agency.

Thomas Doyle is the authorized agent of THE INDEPENDENT at Navarre. Representations to the contrary are wholly unauthorized, and designed to interfere with the growth of the circulation of this paper.

The best and only Double Extract Sarsaparilla is Manners. Take no other. 50 cts.

Ascot 4 in Hands.

Windsor 4 in Hands.

Graduated 4 in Hands

A Bewilderment of Riches.

The Latest Colors of the Season, comprising Nevada in Three Shades, Cedar in 3 Shad's, Reissant in three shades.

EASTER TIES.

SPANGLER & CO.,

Leaders in Hats and Men's Furnishing Goods.

Undertaking in all its Branches.

15 & 17 South Erie St.,

Massillon, Ohio.

From Feb. 4 to March 11

Come in and see the fine goods displayed and get prices.

The strength comes from cream of tartar and soda, only, no ammonia, no alum. It does the most work and the best work, and, best of all, it is perfectly wholesome.

Cleveland's Baking Powder

Absolutely the Best.

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MR. DEAN TELLS A STORY.

THE TRUE HISTORY OF TAUGHAN-
NOCK'S CARDIFF GIANT

It was made in the cellar of Ira M. Dean's
House, while his wife held the lamp—
Ten Men Were in the Secret, and One
Leaked.

Everybody who is anybody remem-
bers when the stories of the Cardiff
Giant were being told; the plates;
when newspapers discussed it as they
do the World's Fair or Judge Ricks's
ruling; when scientific men speculated
as accurately as they did on the late
comet that was to smash the earth into
smithereens; when all snow men with
live giants were gungrenous y jealous
of the show man with the stone k...
and dead stone giant; and when Hum-
bug with a big H was moving around
with a big R.

Now who would think that Iry Dean
—we, the people, prefer Iry to fra-
less dignified out easier to say—well,
who, without direct testimony to the
contrary, could suppose that Iry Dean
would actually proceed to evolve out
of his own head and with his own
hands an alleged relic of prehistoric
times, for the express purpose of fool-
ing us innocents? Stand up, Iry Dean!
Are you guilty or not guilty? He's
guilty. He himself hath said it, and
that settles it. It's a long story. It
took the writer hereof two years to
believe that Iry Dean was the right
man. Then it took two years more to
convince Brother Dean that an histor-
ical vacuum was abhorred and should
be filled. And then again the manu-
script got buried in dust as deep as the
grave in which the Cardiff Giant slept,
from which, in due season, it was re-
surrected and here it is—the true story
of Ira M. Dean, grand master and lord
high everything e e at Russell & Co.'s
big blacksmith shop, as told by him to
the music of the bellows and the sids e,
about the monstrous Cardiff Giant that
once set the world agog.

"I was in fairly good circumstances
when I lived near Ilwaco, in 1872, work-
ing at my trade as foreman in the
smithing department of a large shop
near Ilwaco is Taughannock, a pleas-
ure resort, where we often went on a
Sunday or a few hours, and while out
there one day with one of my assist-
ants, I met the manager, John D.
Thomas, who was digging about the
place. I never had any particular ac-
quaintance with the man, and why he
should light upon me to carry out his
plans, is more than I can tell. I re-
member very well how he opened up
the subject. Looking into my face
very cautiously, he said: 'Mr. Dean,
this would be a nice place to find the
bones of a mastodon.' We quizzed
each other back and forth, then he
went on digging and I went about the
place. On the way back he came up
to me and said he: 'I want to strike a
great big giant or something of the
sort.' This sort of talk in connection
with what he had said before, puzzled
me. Finally he got the lead off from
his mind, when he said: 'What will you
take to make me o e?'

"Oh I'm a blacksmith, I replied. I
can't make you a giant; I've heard
something about them but I don't
know anything about giants, never
thought about giants, haven't any time
anyway.' Will he kept on and
wouldn't let me get away. 'You are
the man I fixed on,' he said, 'I want
you to make me a huge man, and will
pay you for it; I have heard of you and
know you can do it. Finally he said
he would come up and see me about it,
and he did. He drew the thing in and
colored that I finally told him I would
try, although he told me of me I
couldn't see what he wanted a giant
for, much less how he was going to
make any money out of it. The idea
of making anything so queer, rather
struck me, just because, I suppose, he
believed I could make just what he
wanted. He drew up a contract and
bargained to pay me \$600, he to take
off my hands after completion. After
the documents had been all signed and
sealed his object began to dawn upon
me.

"I want something that will fool
the world, and he, and you have got
just enough Yankee cleverness in you
to make it. There is money in it if car-
ried out, and if you do your part, I'll
do mine.' I didn't altogether like the
idea of being a party to fooling the
world, and to tell the plain truth I had
some misgivings as to what my wife
would be like to see me do it. I was an
initiation member of an alchemist, and
—well, I didn't like it; but there was
the contract, and there was \$600.
Thomas bargained at my conscientious
scruples, and he would look after the
conscience, and that all I had to do
was just about the sum I needed for a pur-
pose, so after thinking it over I went
to work.

"Now it is one thing to build a giant
but it is another thing to fool the world,
and I was only a blacksmith. How-
ever, I read up on anatomy and got
my mind pretty well made up as to
the proportions to give this man, then
tried to invent some material out of
which to make it. I experimented in a
small way at first, with a sort of con-
crete. I am not going to tell you all
about that, for there is a little secret
connected with it which I may do me
good some day. The principal ingre-
dients were alabaster, blood, phospho-
rus, iron filings and stone dust. I fig-
ured it all out as near as I could, with
proportions of each of these things to
enter into an exact proportion, that
would stand analysis. The com-
position worked all right in a small
way and I got ready to carry it out on
a larger scale.

"One of the most essential things, of
course, was to preserve the secrecy of
the enterprise. I had to tell my wife,
but except Mrs. Dean and Thomas him-
self, nobody knew anything about the
matter until the discovery set the
world by the ears. I built a box in my
cellar in which I mixed up the batch,
intending to carry it afterwards. Night
after night I carried material home
from the shop in my dinner pail. Ev-
ery bit of ground stone dust and pul-
verized iron in that great big man was
carried in my little bucket. The batch
hardened beautifully, and when I
knocked away the sides of the box I
had a solid block 11 feet long and 3x2.

It was rather harder than I bargained
for, but when I got to carving I had to
take three or four chisels home every
night, they were dulled so rapidly.
"It took all my nights for one
straight year to build that giant. I
made measurements of myself and got
the proper proportions by multipli-
cation. I got my wife to hold the lamp
for me while Iaved until the thing
grew so minute that she refused to go
down.

"When I got the thing about done,
I called in Thomas to see it. Says he:
'Iry, I'm afraid this thing is going to
get exposed. These fellows up at the
college will get at it; it won't stand
ana ysis.' That sort of talk made me
a little bit mad and we had a few words
right then and there.
"Now, John, this is no way to do,
said I. 'I have been pugging away at
this thing for a year, and I'm more,
I've got a contract, and I like to know
what you are going to do.'
"Guess we'll have to make another
contract," said he. 'Till you what I'll
do. I'll give you 25 per cent of the
profits.' I agreed; it was the best ar-
rangement I could make. Another
contract was made, and we began to
talk about getting the thing mixed
'It has got to be buried,' said Thomas,
'and the work has got to be done fine.'
Well, I agreed to that, and I asked him
how in thunder he was going to find
ten men fine enough to keep the secret.
He fixed out four fellows and I
picked out eight. We got ready as
soon as we could, and on a dark
night as we could pick out got that
heavy man loaded on a wagon, and
started out to Taughannock Falls to
bury it. We arrived at about 10 o'clock.
The grave was a rocky dug and I
bored the job. In digging we came
across the root of a big tree, still quite
sound, with a few roots to remove to
make room for the body, and I after-
ward replaced it so that it came across
its neck, apparently pinning it down.
Once in the grave I sent all the other
fellows a way for I struck me that it
was going to require pretty sharp work
to get that thing buried in such a way
that when exhumed it would seem to
have been buried for a thousand years.
I picked over all the earth by hand,
removing every straw, every leaf and
every twig. I got the thing done finally,
and Mr. Giant was buried.

"We let the old boy sleep in the
ground for three or four months when
the earth was as solid as though it had
never been disturbed. Accidentally,
of course, the grave was in the path of
a road to a new barn. Thomas was
very particular about this road and
schemed it so that he knew the giant
would be discovered by some one of
the gang which was in charge. I one of
the men who had helped move it from
my cellar. A rawboned Irishman was
the man to strike my antediluvian
specimen, and it was from his name,
'Patsy Cardiff,' that it was always
called the 'Cardiff Giant.' He thought
he had struck a great boulder, and his
boss, who knew well enough what he
had struck, to him to go easy and not
break his pick, but dig around it. Fi-
nally the face was revealed and Patsy
Cardiff was so scared that he ran away.
It didn't take any time at all for the
news to spread, and there was an ex-
citement around that place we never
dreamed of. Thomas put a tent over it,
but not more than twenty or thirty
could get in at a time. Then he had it
moved into an open field, and under a
larger tent, where thousands and tens
of thousands came to see it and paid
fifty cents apiece for being humbugged.
When interest slackened up, we cut
a price to twenty five cents. College
professors came from all over the
world and wrote the most ridiculous
nonsense about it. At one time one of
Parnassus's agents offered \$25,000 to
get it. Barnum sent a man up to see
Thomas, but the expose came out just
that time and negotiations broke off.
Afterward Barnum had a fine smile
made, and even after the expose, peo-
ple came to see it anyway.
"Fraud couldn't last forever and
when you remember that we had to
take ten men into our confidence it is a
wonder that the deception was kept up
so long. The exposure came through
one of the ten men who knew the mis-
tery. The fellow's name was Frank
Crique, who had had a fuss with
Thomas and got even by going right
up to the city and telling all about it.
That is the true story of the Cardiff
Giant, and it makes me mad when I see
the new papers telling me to tell about it
and getting the fellow all kinds of
physician's loved certificates that it
was genuine, and nobody put it at less
than 4,000 years old. I got gloriously
back through the entire transaction.
I don't know how much I ought to
have got, but I actually received less
than \$100 from the exhibition. When
I got possession of the giant I broke it
to pieces, and brought my total re-
ceipts up to \$600 by selling the speci-
mens. Other fellows got in the neigh-
borhood of \$20,000, I suppose."

PETER STEIGENBAUER'S DEATH.
A Former Business Man Passes Away This
Morning.

Peter Steigenbauer, who was for
many years a well known business
man, died at 4 o'clock this morning
from a paralytic stroke resulting from
blood poison. Mr. Steigenbauer was
74 years old and was born near Frank-
fort, in Germany. He served six years
in the German army, and previous to
his departure for America, forty-eight
years ago, was married to Miss Marie
Haubert. On his arrival to this coun-
try he engaged in farming near Doyle's
town, Pa. Twenty eight years ago
he removed to Massillon, and
purchasing an old frame structure,
in South Mill street opposite the north
park, remodeled it and successfully
conducted a bakery and confectionery
store until twelve years ago, when,
after the death of his wife, he retired
from business. He continued to reside
in a part of his building until two
weeks ago, when he sold it to George
Lieberman and purchased two lots in
North street, in one of which he took
up his residence.

Four children, all of whom are liv-
ing, were born to Mr. and Mrs. Steigen-
bauer. Their names are: Peter, Jr.,
Mary, wife of Joseph Welschenbaugh,
Louis, wife of George Wagner, and
Anna, wife of C. O. Reemnyder.
Mr. Steigenbauer was one of the
best known of Massillon's German re-
sidents, and has been an honored mem-
ber of St. Paul's Lutheran church ever
since he came to Massillon. The
funeral took place Sunday afternoon.

AFTER GAS AND OIL AGAIN.

MEN OF MONEY WILL HAVE THIS TER-
RITORY DRILLED.

Capitalists from Akron and New York
Leasing Jackson Township Lands and
Proposing to Drill to a Depth of 4,000
Feet—Terms of the Contracts.

The Akron Oil and Gas Company,
which is the corporate style of a syndi-
cate including George W. Crouse, J.
F. Seiberling, Lewis Miller and some
New York capitalists, has now under
lease from 40,000 to 60,000 acres of land
in Summit and adjoining counties, and
is at the time present negotiating leases
in Jackson township, Stark county,
the only rights conveyed by the leases
being to seek for oil and gas and to
dispose of the same. The plan of the
company is to secure 100,000 acres be-
fore beginning work, the territory
forming a continuous strip from Akron
southward, through Massillon, follow-
ing a line suggested by the scientific
men who are confident that both oil
and gas exist under this immediate ter-
ritory.

The expectation is to drill sixteen
holes between Akron and Millersburg,
at an average interval of three miles.
According to the leases thus far made
in Jackson township the syndicate
bind themselves to go down 4,000 feet,
and to drill within 15 months from the
present time; otherwise the lease is for
feet.

In case oil is found a royalty of one-
eighth is to be paid to the land owners,
and in case of gas a rental of \$150 per
acre, per annum, is to be paid in cash.
The names of the responsible men at
the head of this enterprise are a suffi-
cient voucher for their earnestness and
their financial resources for this pur-
pose are more than ample. The ter-
ritory in which they feel most hopeful
is located in Jackson township, in sight
of Massillon and it goes without say-
ing that success will mean not a little
to this city.

THEY WILL MAKE PIANOS.

MEUSER & CO WILL MOVE FROM CAN-
TON TO MASSILLON.

A Piano Manufactory of Small but Health-
ful Proportions to go into the Dioxee
Mill Property—The Work of Removal
to Begin at Once.

The board of trade has secured an
order from Canton manufacturing concern.
A contract was signed this noon with
Meuser & Co., manufacturers of high
grade upright pianos, whereby the lat-
ter agreed to remove to Massillon, the
board of trade becoming responsible
for two years' rent. The works are to
be established in the Sailer building,
best known as the old Dioxee mill, at
the corner of Factory and Chares
streets. The work of removal will begin
on Monday, and the manufacture of
instruments will begin within two
weeks. Employment will be given to
ten skilled men at the start, and double
that number by fall.

Meuser & Co. were located at Crystal
Park, Canton, and were recently
burned out. They went to Canton from
New York over a year ago. The mem-
bers of the firm have been employed
by Decker Brothers, Albert Weyer and
Sohmer Brothers, and know their busi-
ness from the ground up. They buy
the cases in the rough and finish them
here. The delicate work of manu-
facturing the movement is all to be done
here. The machinery is all new and
represents an investment of five thou-
sand dollars.

CANTON AND COURT HOUSE

Thursday.

The members of the Stark county
bar and the city officers of Canton held
a meeting yesterday afternoon and de-
cided to extend floral offerings to the
late Mrs. C. O. Bow, wife of Prosecut-
ing Attorney Bow, whose funeral was
held this afternoon at 2 o'clock. The
court house officials also held a meet-
ing and decided to attend the funeral
in a body and tender it flowers.

Shenli Krider burst a blood vessel
in his right leg, below the knee, last
night, in getting on the patrol wagon.
Alonso Smith has been appointed
administrator of Manoh Fohl, of Can-
ton.

Marriage licenses have been granted
to H. V. Reynolds and Dr. Ada is Run-
nels, of Canton; Charles E. Decker
and Minnie Zerbe, of Waco; James W.
Elkins and Mary H. Beltz, of Canton.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Massillon, first ward, J. T. Shoe-
maker to Leander Graber, east half of
lot No. 955, \$1,200.

Massillon, second ward, Ernst Wiss-
mar to Etta Wilcox, lot No. 82, \$4,000
Saturday.

Peter Weaver, nightwatchman at the
Canton Malabar Iron Works, was
found dead at his post early this morn-
ing, by some of the employees of the
works. It was at first thought that he
had been foully dealt with, but at the
coroner's inquest held this morning, it
was found that his death was caused
by heart disease. Weaver was taken
to his home, in Lippert street. He
leaves a wife and several children.

The will of Daniel Byrman, of Osa-
burg township, was filed in the probate
office to day.

Two Sunday Fires.

The central house company made two
runs Sunday; the fires were small and
no water was thrown. At 10 a m an
alarm was sent in from West South
street, where a spark had ignited the
shingles on a house occupied by Jacob
Stilgenbauer, and at 1:30 in the after-
noon a similar fire was extinguished
at the Paul residence in West Cherry
street, now occupied by Jack Sheehan.
The damage at both places was slight.
Four companies were out.

H Falk & Son will have an opening
Thursday afternoon and evening. They
will exhibit a handsome array of
French pattern hats and all the late
novelties in the millinery line.

STOCK CHANGES HANDS.

A Change in the Business Management of
"The Independent."

The stock in The Independent Com-
pany heretofore held by J. V. R. Skin-
ner has been purchased by G. O. Haver-
stack, Eugene Anderson and Robert
P. Skinner. At a meeting of the
directors of the corporation held last
night the resignation of J. V. R. Skin-
ner as business manager was accepted,
and G. O. Haverstack was elected to
fill the vacancy. Mr. Anderson will
act as superintendent of the mechan-
ical departments. The purchasers of
Mr. Skinner's interest have all been
identified with the paper for years, and
hope to succeed in conducting the busi-
ness with some degree of energy and
success.

A LONG LIFE IS ENDED.

THE DEATH OF MRS. NOAH MADISON
THIS MORNING.

She had Personal Charge of all Her Exten-
sive Business Interests Long After She
had Passed Three Score and Ten—The
Story of Her Career.

(From Friday's Daily Edition.)

The operation which was decided
upon as necessary and which was moni-
tored in yesterday's INDEPENDENT,
had no effect further than to ease the
sufferings of Mrs. Noah Madison, and
her death occurred at her home in
West Main street at half past 10 o'clock
this morning. Mrs. Madison was well
known to the older residents of Mas-
sillon, and it was by them and by her
immediate friends that her best char-
acteristics are remembered. She was
a woman of wonderful attainments.
No man could have been gifted with
better business qualifications and up-
to the time of her death she had man-
aged her own financial interests, which
were by no means small. The reten-
siveness of her memory has been a
source of much wonder to her associ-
ates. She was exceedingly entertain-
ing in conversation owing to the almost
unlimited fund of reminiscences which
she was able to relate.

Mrs. Madison's life was more than
usually interesting. She was born on
February 25, 1807, at Westchester,
Chester county, near Philadelphia, Pa.
She was the daughter of Thomas and
Elizabeth Huet, and her maiden name
was Mary Ann Huet. Several years
before her birth, her father left his
wife and two older children at their
home in Ireland, near Belfast, in the
north of Ireland, and departed for
America to seek his fortune. He lab-
ored hard for one year, and at the
end of that time had raised a quantity
of flax seed which he sent to Ireland,
thus obtaining enough money to de-
fray the expense of bringing his wife
and her little ones to America. As an
instance of the peculiarities of the early
colonial laws, Mrs. Madison has often
rehearsed a story told her by her moth-
er, who said that when her husband
died and his estate was settled, his
clothing was included in the apprais-
ement and in order to secure his pos-
session she was obliged to purchase it.
She kept it until her oldest son was
large enough to wear it. After her
husband's death Mrs. Huet removed
with her six children, in 1812, to Stark
county, settling on a small tract of
land near Paris.

Mrs. Madison was married to Noah
Madison at the home of her sister, Mrs.
Daniel Burger, on Feb. 26, 1832, and a
company of her husband to Massillon,
where he was engaged in the trade of
black mending. Mr. Madison was the
first maker of ed-die tools in Stark
county, and people came here from
many distant places to have him make
their axes. He worked hard, and it
was with the humble ax and ham-
mer that the larger part of his fortune
was made.

No children were born to Mr. and
Mrs. Madison, but they have taken
into their home and reared five girls.
Three of them were married. The first
was Sarah B. Burger, who was the
first wife of Henry Vester, of Seattle,
Washington. The next was Catharine
Madison, who married Moses City,
of Jackson township. Then Mary B. in
Keith, wife of Olin G. Madison; Miss
Anna's sister, who resided with Mrs.
Madison at the time of her death, and
Miss Jane Sise, now Mrs. Chas. Feeler,
were the last.

All of these children were given the
advantage of good education, and they
speak in terms of warm affection of the
motherly care and careful nursing
which Mrs. Madison treated them.
Mrs. Sarah Keith, a sister of Mrs. Mad-
ison who herself has reached the age
of 85, arrived from her home in Mi-
nerva, yesterday, accompanied by her
daughter, Benton Huet, a nephew of
Mrs. Madison whose home is in Maple
ton, is also here.

The funeral will be held from the
house at 1 o'clock Sunday afternoon.

Where is Columbus?

It was in one of the lower depart-
ments of the Massillon public schools.
The teacher had been testing her pu-
pils with questions in geography, and
when she requested them to name the
capital of Ohio there was an eager
chorus of "Columbus from the entire
class. Her next question, "Where is
Columbus?" rather staggered them,
but at length a little fellow on the back
bench—little fellow, according to the
story books, are always on the back
benches—piped out, "In his grave."

IF YOU ARE GOING TO Florida

THE CLEVELAND
Shortland
COLLEGE.
ALFRED DAY, President.
Office in a Northern Ohio devoted to the
study of the English language and the
Cleveland Shortland College, 64-66 Euclid Av.



Mrs. Edward Myers.

Torturing Erysipelas.

ONE OF THE WORST CASES EVER
REPORTED.

Mrs. Myers' Hand Amputated. Her
Life Saved.

The case of Mrs. Edward Myers of Athens,
N. Y., furnishes an apt illustration of a
woman's power of endurance. The lady had
been troubled for nearly a year with
Erysipelas of the hand, which had be-
come so bad that it had become a matter
of life and death. She had tried every
remedy, but all to no avail. At last she
resorted to the use of Dr. Kennedy's
Erysipelas Remedy, and in a few days
the inflammation subsided, and her hand
was saved. She is now well and happy.
Dr. Kennedy's Erysipelas Remedy is a
specific for this disease, and it is the only
one that will save the life. It is a
simple, safe, and effective remedy, and it
is the only one that will save the life.
It is a simple, safe, and effective remedy,
and it is the only one that will save the
life. It is a simple, safe, and effective
remedy, and it is the only one that will
save the life. It is a simple, safe, and
effective remedy, and it is the only one
that will save the life. It is a simple,
safe, and effective remedy, and it is the
only one that will save the life. It is a
simple, safe, and effective remedy, and it
is the only one that will save the life.

DEATH TO Erysipelas.



GUICOLOID
CURES
RHEUMATISM.
If one bottle does you no good, don't buy another.
For Sale by Druggists, or sent postpaid on
receipt of price, \$1.00.
BURDALL MEDICINE MFG CO.
Burdall, Mass. U.S.A.
Sole Sale by
Z. T. Buttz, Morganthauer & Heuster, F. E.
Seaman, E. S. Craig, J. M. Stuckers.

CHILSON'S CATARRH

CHILSON'S CATARRH
CURE
This is a new and powerful medicine for
the cure of Catarrh of the Bladder, Pro-
state, and Uterus. It is a simple, safe,
and effective remedy, and it is the only
one that will save the life. It is a
simple, safe, and effective remedy, and it
is the only one that will save the life.
It is a simple, safe, and effective remedy,
and it is the only one that will save the
life. It is a simple, safe, and effective
remedy, and it is the only one that will
save the life. It is a simple, safe, and
effective remedy, and it is the only one
that will save the life. It is a simple,
safe, and effective remedy, and it is the
only one that will save the life. It is a
simple, safe, and effective remedy, and it
is the only one that will save the life.

DO YOU COUGH

DO YOU COUGH
DON'T DELAY
KEMP'S
BALSAM
THE BEST
COUGH
CURE

It Cures Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza,
Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, and Asthma. A
certain cure for Consumption, and a superior
in advanced stages. You will see the
excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold
by druggists every where. Large bottles, 50 cents and \$1.00.

IF YOU ARE GOING TO Florida

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Shortland
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Office in a Northern Ohio devoted to the
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Cleveland Shortland College, 64-66 Euclid Av.

THE WILLIAMS & RODGERS CO.

The Popular Store for
Economical Buyers.
SPRING STYLES!
DRESS GOODS!

WE ARE NOW STOCKING all the new imported and Ameri-
can creations in Silk and Woollen Dress Goods. Many strik-
ing and beautiful new combinations of colors and shades
in Evening and Street Silk Patterns. New weaves in wool
Dress Patterns at popular prices.

GRAND OPENING!

NEW CHALLIS, GINGHAMS,
SATEENS, JAPONETTS, Etc.,

In new colors and combinations. All novelties. New ideas in Wash
Silk effects. Extra elegant novelties. Popular prices.

CLOVES,
CORSETS,
TRIMMINGS,
RIBBONS,
NOTIONS,
VEILINGS,
Toilet Soaps,
FURNITURE,
CARPETS,
CURTAINS,
CROCKERY,
Glassware,
Mouse
Furnishings,
Kitchen
Utensils.

Imported Wraps.
Our Cloak Department shows all
the new up-to-date styles in Wraps
and Underwear. Extra mod-
ern and novelties now ready.

MILLINERY,
CLOAKS,
Muslin
Underwear,
Furnishing
Goods,
Underwear,
LINENS,
Domestics,
BLANKETS,
ECOS,
Confectionery
LUNCH.
A POPULAR
STORE.
LARGEST
STOCK.
Polite
Treatment.

POPULAR PRICES.

Visitors to the city will find this a popular store. MAIL ORDERS
CARFULLY FILLED. We guarantee that you will save your fare
on every \$10 purchase.

Williams & Rodgers Co.,

Superior and Seneca Sts., Cleveland, Ohio.

A PRIZE PUZZLE.

NO PRIZES FOR STUPID PEOPLE.



(In the above Sketch Six Faces are to be Found.)

The proprietors of the LADIES HOME MONTHLY will give a first class Upright Piano of the
very best make (value \$150) to the person who can find the six faces. A view of a lady's
face is hidden in the sketch. The first prize is a new Oak Bedstead (value \$20) for
the third correct answer. A Solid Gold Watch for each of the next two correct answers. A
Ten Dollar Gold Piece for the next three correct answers.
Every correct answer to the puzzle will be sent to the publisher with a lead pencil for the six faces
and send same to us with fifteen (15) cent postage stamps (or postal note or bill) for three
months' subscription to THE LADIES HOME MONTHLY, which is the best ladies' publication in
Canada.

We will give to the first ten correct answers received each a handsome Bannock Lamp, and
a valuable prize will also be given to every person who is able to answer the Rubus correctly until
fifty prizes have been awarded.

The envelope which contains correct answer bearing first postmark will receive first reward
and the remainder in order as received. Every prize in this competition will be faithfully
awarded. Our "home" offers are made by reliable publishers.

Be sure and answer to day and enclose 40 cents in postage stamps, and you may receive a
valuable prize for your trouble. All prizes sent duty free. Address:

(D) LADIES HOME MONTHLY,
192 King St. W., Toronto, Canada.

EVERYBODY knows

that wall paper, with
its vegetable paste
and its colorings in
animal glue, is unsanitary,
and that to apply repeated
layers of such is a very
"naughty practice," as well
as dangerous. Kalsomine
is temporary, rots, rubs off
and seals; paint stops
all respiration; needed
to purify walls. Send to us
for a paper from Michigan
State Board of Health re-
ferring to this subject, rec-
ommending Church's Al-
abastine for wall cover-
ings.

Alabastine forms pure, permanent and porous con-
facing, and does not require to be taken off to renew
from time to time; is a dry powder, ready for use by
adding water (the latest make is used in COLD
water and is never sold in bulk); can be easily
brushed on by any one; made in white and twelve
fashionable tints, and in three shades, from which
decorators make the balance of forty shades shown
on their card.

N. B.—It is not claimed that all who live with-
in papered walls die much before their time, but
they will enjoy better health with wall coatings
(PPPP) Pure, Permanent, Porous and Pretty.

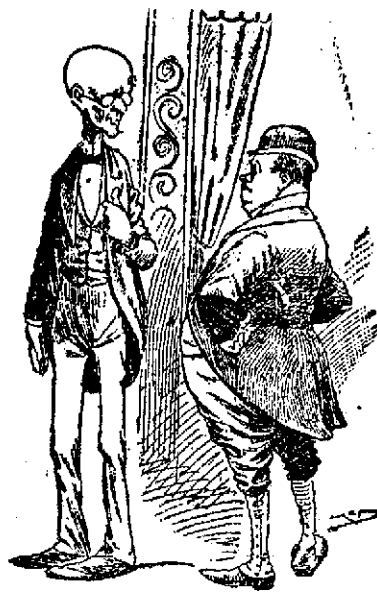
For Sale by Paint Dealers

NYE IN COLORADO.

A YOUNG MAN WHOSE PERSPECTIVE WAS NOT WHAT IT SHOULD BE.

Nye Meets Sir George Tart-Paddock, and the Latter Tells a Fine Story—A Few Personalities That William Has Picked Up on the Road.

(Copyright, 1933, by Edgar W. Nye.)
COLORADO, March.
There is one peculiarity about this country that I have never referred to or described, and I therefore take the liberty of doing so now, especially for the benefit of those who may not have traveled in this direction.



MEETING ST. GEORGE TART-PADDOCK.

I refer to the rarity and clearness of the air, making distant objects seem quite nearby.

In the small but live, prosperous town of Buckwheat, Pa., where the manager said that he never saw such a refined audience in the place as we had, we were told about this peculiarity of the Colorado air.

Buckwheat has never had a boom. She has had a constant, steady, healthy growth and no setbacks—or setbacks, I should say. Buckwheat is the county seat, and I was asked to say a word for her. I cannot do otherwise. How can I refuse to state publicly that Buckwheat has never had a boom?

She has had a steady growth since 1826, when she had but one house. In 1835 she had two houses, but this was followed up by a terrific fire gutting in a few hours both houses and making a perfect pandemonium. She has steadily grown from that, phoenixlike, as the paper there goes on to state, and is now abreast of other cities of her class.

It is a good time to get lots there now, for times are low and money matters scarce. Buckwheat has never had a boom or fictitious prices, but there have been many times when, owing to depression, property could have been bought far below its value, and if retained as an investment would be something to look forward to.

In Buckwheat there was a man who had been almost everywhere. He had seen the Mammoth cave of Kentucky and Pike's peak, Colorado. His idea was to incorporate a company to try the Mammoth cave on over Pike's peak and then guess how near she would fit at 50 cents a guess. He thought there was money in it.

He also spoke of Colorado. He had been there. One curious thing he noticed there was the purity of the air. Clear and pure and rarefied, he said, one would be often deceived in distances.

Once there was a fellow out there—if I am not taking up your time—a fellow that started to ride to a foothill before breakfast. He was a tenderfoot. Struck Denver and was going to climb a bunch of peaks a day till he had seen how they looked on top. He said he would ride over and climb one before breakfast. He gave it up and took a light tea from the sidewalk at home. On the way somebody overtook him and found him stripping off ready to swim a little irrigation ditch, and the old man asked him why he pulled off his coat instead of jumping his horse over the ditch.

"Ditch be d—d," said the young man, casting aside his porous plaster with a bitter oath and a portion of his back also. "I'm getting now so that I can judge distances better than I could this morning." And that is a fact too. He had.

"I thought it was kind of comical," he added.

"We rode on through the boom belt, including Chicago, and at St. Louis we met a returning Englishman. He had been at Colorado Springs a beautiful health resort that has always had a healthy, steady growth, but no boom. Everything there had always been healthful, and if he hadn't struck a night train he would never have known that anybody died there. He talked with the conductor and found that the road was mad because there were so many health resorts along the line, all wishing to quietly ship their dead between 11 p. m. and 3 a. m. that it practically made a satisfactory time table impossible. He was a pleasant companion, was St. George Tart-Paddock, who had been out to Colorado to show the Leaf Lard Dynasty that they were wearing their white hunting trousers behind side before, as it were. They have one man at The Antlers who wears a pair of white duck riding pants, gored or something at the hips, and so tight at the knee that it takes two waiters to seat him at table—one to hold the chair and one to hook his legs up under the roof of the table. His father made his money by building a large sausage mill in New York, and then succeeded in having an ordinance passed outlawing every dog in town. He soon grew vastly rich, and his son, St. George Tart-Paddock, now talks fluently in the parastable English and eats his porridge with a crop.

"In a burst of merriment a beautiful young girl called him 'only a pantsy blossom.' That took away his joy of living there. No one could look at him without laughing, for the trousers were gathered and so full at the waistband

that his little coat stuck out and curled up at the tail like a nasutrium. "But I could tell you something quite odd about the country at Colorado Springs," he added. "You will not now tell it at first, but at last you begin to notice that the air is so thin and so rare and pure that one is often deceived in distances.

"Once there was a fellow out there—if I am not taking up your time—a fellow who started to ride." We allowed him to tell it, for he enjoyed it, and he told it very well, but when we got the cue to laugh great hot tears as large as huckleberries stood in Burbank's eyes, and he went to bed with a hot water cloth on his head.

Laramie City is a good town also. It is one of the two cities of the new state. Henry V. S. Groesbeck, who succeeded him on the woolpack as justice of the peace there, is now chief justice of the state. This should be a lesson to the boys of America and teach them to keep their eyes on me. I met Judge Groesbeck, and he told me that a prolonged effort to make head or tail out of my docket had fittid him for chief justice of the state.

Judge Groesbeck was succeeded by Dr. Hayford, who wires me today that his thirteenth child has just registered at his house and secured rooms.

Edward Iverson, with whom I used to do my banking while I was running The Boomerang, secured an impetus there which has made him a wealthy retired banker who goes to the Holy Land every year and can tell you all about the earth world or globe which we inhabit, and of what parts it is composed—viz., land and water.

None of his cashiers ever went to Canada. That was understood when the cashier was hired.

Colonel William Horatio Roat is now a connoisseur and buyer of rare wild animals in a live state. He does not aim to be literary, but he has the faculty of conversing freely and writing letters with ideas in them, and he doesn't without the use of a compendium. He had gone with a carload of live elk when I was there, but he buys everything in the heavens above or the earth beneath or the waters under the earth. He will fill an order for anything from a prairie dog to the grizzly bear, and would be glad if some little boy who wishes to know the business would accept a position as caretaker of a grownup bear.

The last boy was perfectly satisfactory, but according to the contract he will have to be shipped inside another bear just sold to Fairmount park.

James Milton Sherrod is still on hand, a neatly dressed squaw man, whose face, as the California editor said of James Whitcomb Riley, one has to become gently acclimated to. He has a queer habit while engaged in deep thought or conversation of rolling a small ball of wagon wheel tar between his thumb and forefinger. Many a time he has been engaged in conversation with me, say at the university or the penitentiary, and he would halt, look wildly about, tears would fill his great mossy eyes, and he would say: "Excuse me a moment; I want to step over to town and get a new piece of tar. I can't recollect when I'm out of tar. Tar is my inspiration, understand? I can't catch Scripser. I can't reconcile. I'm like a cow that's lost her end. I ain't with a d—d—"

He was the first to greet me when I landed in Laramie years and years ago, and told me that Laramie was the only town that had a particle of prospects or progress or pop or gup.

"She never had a boom. She just moves stidly right along. Ever now and then she strikes a new mine rich with all kinds of things in her. That gives confidence to the merchants, and that's the time I buy my supplies on credit, understand? Then when the cold winter wind is enquiring round to find who has let his wife work his extra winter wear up into rag carpet I can eat and sleep content.

"When a mine is struck and the paper fullers it up with editorial comment at so much ham per comment, I take advice of my better judgment, and during the mercantile rainbow I purchase."

Then he told me that Laramie was very healthful and said that never had she had a boom; that the wind would blow down a stovepipe, which I suppose was because it didn't have to.



"TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE."

He also said that you'd be awfully fooled on distances here, the air was so "pyore."

"Once there was a fellow out there—if I don't tress-pass on your time, etc. That was 17 years ago. I saw him the other day by the merest accident. His hair has grown gray, and Nance, his child wife, as I knew her, fresh from the upper alcoholic circles of the Ogallalla Sioux, to whom she traced her lineage, was with him. They are both old and living now on Vulgar creek.

We sat and talked for a long time, he kneading his wheel tar slowly between his finger and thumb as he looked down into the sad depths of my wonderful eyes, and I examined his fangs and found him to be 64 years old on Thursday evening at 8 o'clock at the home of his parents.

"Jovver notes low chair and mibled in the air is? Now, up on Vulgar creek, where we are plain people, the plain

never had had a boom at all, but just a good healthy growth, we often notice how clear the air is. It's mighty misleading, too, Mr. Nye. Once there was a fellow out there—if I don't pester ye by tellin it!"

I said: "Sherrod, you told me that thing 17 years ago, and I've heard it since. I have also in five years visited 600 towns and over that just had a healthy growth and had never been boomed at all, but I had hoped that Vulgar creek had escaped. I change cars here," I said, "to visit yet other towns that are having a good, healthy, nice growth and well settled by a class of people far superior to those of the unsociable and cold blooded but educated east."

Nance said goodby also. Her cheeks were just as red as ever they were. Every fall and spring she paints them still with a paint which she gets of Mr. Studebaker at special rates. She looks even more like a kippered Ogallalla than ever. People used to gossip about her. I asked Sherrod if she were not a good wife.

He wiped the tar on his trousers and said slowly as he looked at the gory sunset: "She is that. She's reely too good to be true."

Bill Nye

Well Answered.

A rather vulgar personage, who had been created a marquis a few months previous to our story, managed to get himself invited to a court ball. The new fleged marquis could not contain himself for joy and exhaled proud satisfaction at every pore. Casting an Olympian glance around the room, he angular figure of an elderly matron, with compressed lips, as though afraid of wasting her breath, and lean as a lath. She was leaning on the arm of a young gentleman.

"Who is that mammygoat?" said the noble lord to a gentleman who was standing beside him.

And the latter replied, with a knowing smile, "That mammygoat is the em bassadress of S—, the mother of the kid who is giving her his arm and the wife of the old buck who has the honor of speaking with your excellency!"—Giovanni.

Designated.



Jack—I may kiss you, then?

Perrida (blushing). Some time in the future, Jack.

Jack (eagerly). When?

Perrida—Day before tomorrow. — Brooklyn Life.

His Relationship.

The friends of the middle aged bachelor couldn't for the life of them tell whether he was after the buxom widow of 40 or her pretty daughter of 20, so very devoted was he to each of them. At last their curiosity overcame them and one approached him on the subject. "Come," said the questioner, "we want to know what you are going to do in this matter. Will you be stepfather to the daughter or son-in-law to the mother?"

"Neither," he replied good naturedly. "I'm going to be uncle to the daughter."

"What's that? You're not going to marry the girl's aunt?"

"No, not that I am aware of," he said, with a faint gleam of hope, "but her mother has promised to be a sister to me." — Detroit Free Press.

Appropos.

Young Man—May I present myself as a suitor for your hand?

Maidsen—I am sorry to disappoint you, but the fact is I betrothed myself today to another.

Young Man—Well, what about tomorrow? — Eliegender Blatter.

His Vocation.

Teacher—Don't you think you are crowding your son a great deal?

Father—No, sir, teach him everything.

Teacher—Are you fitting him for a lawyer?

Father—No, no, for an elevator boy. — Chicago Inter Ocean.

His Fattling.

"He behaved dreadful at the swarry," said Mrs. Partington. "Acted like a perfect idiot." — Quips.

Spring Fever.

I wonder why most every year, An just about this season, I feel "broke up" and sort o' queer— I wonder what's the reason!

I know my 's and dot my 't's! With nary sense or meanin', An clean forget my 's and 't's An catch myself a dreamin'—

How the trees an hills an valleys look, An if the woodpeck's thumpin'— An I hear the rippin of the brook An see the trout a-jumpin'—

In the eddies of the dark pool, where The water swirls an billows— An I mind I looked a beauty there, Right underneath the willows!

Heigh ho! an I've a spicion That nible won't help me either, But a week or two o' flabbi In the dose to cure spring fever.

— New York Evening Sun.

BY WAY OF CONTRAST.

OLIVE HARPER SAYS SHE WILL NEVER BE INCASSED IN HOOPS.

Women Who Long to Change Their Appearance—Revealing in Dainty Wash Fabrics—Stripes Are Now in Vogue. Some Handsome Gowns.

(Special Correspondence.)
NEW YORK, March 23.—Today I happened to turn over some old books, and in one of them I found the pictures of the fashions of only four years ago. These dresses were made in the days of bustles, and it seems to me now that hoops could not look much worse. There



ONLY FOUR YEARS AGO.

was only one thing to be said in favor of bustles, and that was that they kept the gown from trailing in the mud, but nothing could have been more ungraceful, unnatural or ridiculous. Now the styles have reached a point where women look their very best. Those who require drapery can have it, those who look best in classical gowns can wear them without being eyed askance, and those who prefer snug effects are at liberty to wear them, but it seems that women are never satisfied with the same thing long. If they could change their faces, they would do it.

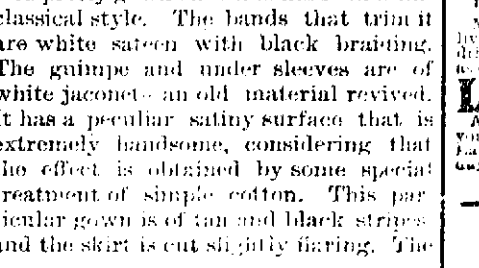
I have never known a woman to be satisfied with her own appearance yet. She would rather have dark eyes, a blond hair, or a different shaped chin, or something. Sometimes she is dissatisfied with the very thing that makes her most attractive to others. And so she is now on the verge of hoops. We must let her wear them if she wants to, but, oh, what a gay she will look! for the hoopskirt is one of the fashions that will not appear beautiful, no matter how often we see them.

Let us look upon the two pictures and see what women were capable of four years ago and let the women draw the lesson or not, as they please. Although an authority on what other women shall wear, I wear what I please myself, and you will never see me incased in hoops nor bearing a back breaking bustle.

I thought I had seen all the new spring fabrics, but they keep coming, and every week has its new things to see. This week I have been reading in the dainty wash fabrics, and such a variety! There is really no end to them, and they are so pretty and so very dainty. Some of the zephyrs and French gingham are as soft as silk muslin to the touch. One I noticed and thought very delicate. It had a ground of the faintest gray, with fine satin weave stripes on it in graduated widths of white. In the center of each cluster of white stripes was a pale pink one. Another had a ground of slate gray zephyr gingham, with white woven stripes an eighth of an inch wide, which formed plaids 3 inches square. The white was thrown up so well that it looked like a lattice work. Another pretty pattern had a broken and mixed plaid made of three or four shades of brown, with here and there a narrow red thread.

The cotton chaffies are full as pretty as the French wool ones, with the same exquisite patterns and colors. These, when trimmed with lace and ribbons or velvet, are quite as pretty to look at, and they cost but 15 cents a yard, while the others are from 50 to 75.

A pretty gown shown is made in semi-classical style. The bands that trim it are white satin with black braiding. The guimpe and under sleeves are of white jaconet, an old material revived. It has a peculiar satiny surface that is extremely handsome, considering that the effect is obtained by some special treatment of simple cotton. This particular gown is of tan and black stripes, and the skirt is cut slightly flaring. The



LATEST AND PRETTIEST NOW.

other gown is of the new cotton with cheviot effect, and it is called Scotch cheviot. It is in two shades of purple woven so as to show broken lines, which appear to end in every direction and start from nowhere. The girdle and lapels are made of braided pique, and the guimpe is of jaconet.

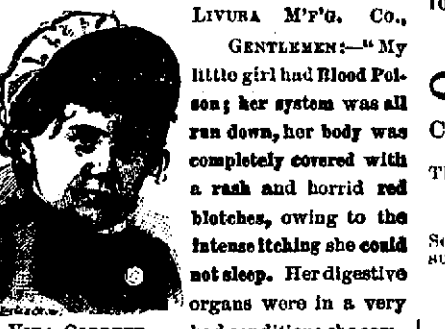
All the cotton goods, particularly the above mentioned, the organdie lawns and chambrays and also the satens, are to be made as tastefully and carefully as if they were velvet and silk. A favorite style is to have what is called a Spanish flounce, half the depth of the skirt set out with a gathered heading or a flat band. This is mostly a matter of taste, and almost anything goes now in shape, color and trimmings.

OLIVE HARPER.

WHAT OTHERS SAY.

BLOOD POISON
BODY COMPLETELY COVERED WITH A RASH AND RED BLOTCHES.

EVERYTHING ELSE FAILED BUT **LIVURA CURED.**



LIVURA M'FG. CO., GENTLEMEN:—"My little girl had Blood Poison; her system was all run down, her body was completely covered with a rash and horrid red blotches, owing to the intense itching she could not sleep. Her digestive organs were in a very bad condition; she complained of pain in the limbs and we were very much alarmed about her. We tried everything we could think of but nothing had the desired effect until we found PITCHER'S LIVURA. She had not been taking LIVURA more than one week when her eyes looked natural again, her appetite improved, and before the second bottle had been used, the rash and blotches disappeared, the itching left, and she is now PERFECTLY WELL and has gained flesh. All due to PITCHER'S LIVURA.

Very Sincerely, MRS. JOHN CORBETT. 645 Madison St., Huntsville, Ala.

LIVURA OINTMENT
The Great Skin Cure.

Cures Eczema, Salt Rheum, Pimples, Ulcers, Itch, and all affections of the skin. Heals Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Scalds, etc. Sold by all Drug-gists, or by mail. Price 35 Cents.

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CURE SICK HEAD

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